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THE MIRROR

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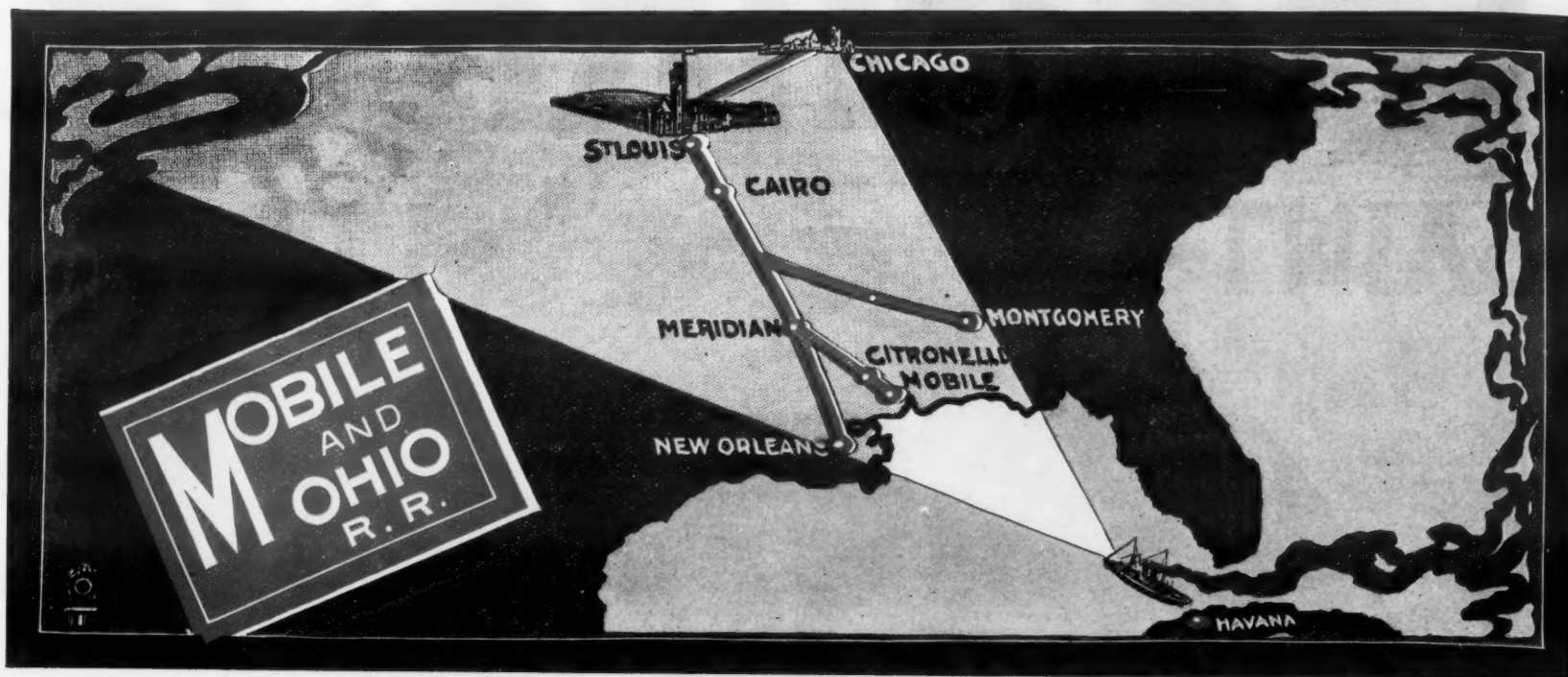
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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE TERMINAL QUESTION

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

ABSOLUTELY the first step necessary to a realization of the New St. Louis, about which there has been so much writing and talking, is the passage by the Municipal Assembly of the three ordinances providing for the enlargement and perfection of the facilities of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis. This Association, composed of fourteen of the great railroads of the United States, wishes to expend \$7,000,000 in this enlargement and perfection of its properties. That much money poured into the city and into the pockets of the working people, for the most part, should be alone sufficient to justify the prompt passage of the measure.

But there are weightier reasons. The enlargement of the Terminal plant in the manner proposed is absolutely necessary to the proper handling of the increased freight and passenger traffic of the World's Fair period. In the first place, the construction of a loop from the Eads bridge, and the deflection of passenger trains to elevated tracks down Commercial street and onto the levee will remove the tunnel nuisance, about which there has always been such bitter complaint upon the part of visitors to this city, because of the dust and heat and gas that almost stifle one in the great subway. The Terminal Association wants to run a parallel elevated track at the same height as the present Merchants' Terminal tracks along the levee for a certain distance. These tracks will be so built as to leave everywhere under the structures the same spaces for passing of teams that now exist. The new track will not destroy the levee. The levee is not to be obstructed more than it now is with elevated and surface tracks. And, besides, the portion of the levee to be used in the new work is not a portion that is ever likely to be in demand for any other uses than those to which the Terminal Association would put it. Opposition to the loop measure and the occupation of the levee is based upon an attempt to make the Terminal Association buy property it does not want, at an exorbitant price. The portion of the levee to be used is fit for nothing else than a site for tracks to and from the Union Station and the bridge. The cutting out of the tunnel would be alone fully compensative for the privilege of building the loop and occupying the levee and crossing other streets. It will save from two to five minutes in time for every passenger train coming or going over the Eads bridge. It will leave the tunnel free for the passage of freight trains on shorter schedule time and help to relieve freight congestion both in this city and in East St. Louis. The improved service that will follow the elimination of the tunnel in the handling of passenger trains is an adequate *quid pro quo* for the uses of the streets permitted in the ordinance. Every business man in the city knows this. Every person who travels into or out of St. Louis, to or from the East, rejoices at the prospect of the abolition of the tunnel. Public opinion demands the passage of the measure.

Another ordinance in the Assembly authorizes improvements in and about Union Station that will be worth more to the city's growth than the value of the public rights to be ceded to the Terminal Association. In the first place, the Association wants to construct a runway on the west side of Eighteenth street,

where the street cars may run down an incline to a mail station under the platform whereon run the trains into and out of the Station. The mail from the trains will be lowered to the underground station and there placed upon the street cars for distribution throughout the city, while another underground passage will lead across Eighteenth street to the basement of the new Post Office there to be erected by the United States government. This work will not at all injure Eighteenth street, which is very wide at the point where it is contemplated this work shall be done. In fact, the runway will be walled up strongly, surmounted with an ornamental coping and railing, and the result will be a decoration of the street rather than a destruction thereof. The facilitation of the mails will save enough time to the business men of St. Louis to be worth more money than anyone would dare ask in the way of compensation for the franchise granted.

To the west of the present Station, from Eugenia street back to Clark avenue, the Terminal Association desires to close up Twentieth street and occupy the block between Eugenia street, Clark avenue, Twentieth street and Tom street with structures for the facilitation of baggage handling. In return for Twentieth street, the Association will leave a roadway along Tom street into Clark avenue and to the baggage and express offices. It is intended that all the express offices shall be moved from their present location to a point further south and west, and that all the baggage and express packages shall be lowered from the trains and raised to them by means of monster elevators, thus doing away with the obstruction of the platforms, which causes so much annoyance and confusion to passengers at present. The baggage and express matter will be taken to the baggage rooms and express offices along an underground passage not unlike the passage provided for the mails on the east side of the Station. This will be done without confusion, without dangerous crossing of surface tracks, without getting the receiving and distributing departments entangled and fearfully complicated in the big rushes at train time, during the World's Fair. Merely to state these things is to show what a boon they will be to the city and to its guests during the World's Fair period, to say nothing of the utility they will be to future generations in the larger St. Louis that is to be.

Furthermore, the Terminal Association desires to place new tracks to the westward along Atlantic street, and asks the condemnation of other streets surrounding property long since acquired and now occupied by the Terminal tracks. These streets sought to be condemned are useless for aught but Terminal purposes; they have been so for years. They have been out of public use for more than a dozen years, and as the Terminal Association owns the property abutting on the streets, and the streets lead to and from nowhere, the use of the streets should go with the use of the property from which the said use was relinquished in earlier years. The Association desires to use a part of Atlantic street for the laying of two additional tracks to the extreme western city limits. Atlantic street is practically useless to anyone but the Association. Property owners along this street wish to sell, but the prices at which they hold this land are out of all reason. Its purchase at the sums demanded would bankrupt the Association. The Association asks for the street simply on the theory that the street is of

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more use to the community as a site for its tracks than it is to the property owners who want to hold the street in order to sell at steep figures to the Association. The use of Atlantic street by the Association would amount only to a real use of the street to the public benefit—would be doing the greatest good to the greatest number. The two additional tracks to the west are absolutely essential to the facilitation of transportation to the World's Fair. They will mean the running of three trains out or in on a three-minute schedule. With two similar additional tracks to the station from the Eads Bridge, along the elevated structure on the levee, this would give the city six trains out or in on a three-minute schedule, with communication with the belt line around the city, and enable the emptying of the greatest jams at the station in the shortest possible time. This will mean, eventually, a succession of suburban trains surrounding the city and putting the suburban residents into quicker communication with all parts of the city. The Transit Company will run cars to stations along the belt from the center of the town, those lines being as the spokes to a wheel of which the rim shall be the belt. These four new tracks to the belt will be useful to a vast extent, too, in relieving congestion in the central freight yards. That is to say, they will help out in the sending of through freight around the town as soon as it comes here, instead of letting it choke up the tracks in the Mill Creek Valley or in the East St. Louis yards. If the through freight is put through over the belt, the yards will be left free for exclusive use for local freight business, and goods ordered from St. Louis or shipped to St. Louis can be delivered to the consignee in about one-half the time now occupied in delivery. This will mean that the man who buys goods in St. Louis will get them in his store, in any part of the country, nearly twice as soon as it is possible to get them now. This time item alone will save the city millions of dollars a year, and will bring purchasers here who now go to Chicago or to Kansas City. It is no wonder, then, that all the great business organizations of the city, all the great manufacturers and shippers, are petitioning the assembly to pass these measures. The measures give great rights to the Terminal Association—true. But see what the Terminal Association gives in return! It gives us what we have clamored for for years, namely, the facilities for doing business with the rest of the world in the minimum of time, the facility for transporting visitors to the World's Fair with celerity and comfort, the facility for transporting the suburban population to and from its homes with something like the dispatch that one notices in the splendid suburban service of the Illinois Central at Chicago. All these things are worth more to the city than the franchises necessary to effectuate them.

There is a howl that the Terminal Association should pay for its privileges. Well, doesn't it pay in service? Doesn't it pay in the increase of local transportation efficiency? Doesn't it pay in saving time on freight and saving time and increasing comfort to passengers? Other cities would be only too ready to grant franchises that assured such manifold benefits as have been herein set forth. Other cities would see that the general profit to the city as a business proposition would be more than the equivalent given by the Association for the franchise. Here we have a yelp about the octopus. The Terminal Association is not an octopus. It is a means whereby fourteen railroads divide the expense of terminal facilities and manage them with a view, not to making money for the Terminal Association, but to making more and better business for the roads individually. If the Terminal Association makes money, each road only gets one-fourteenth of the profits. If the Terminal can be managed so as to

hasten business for the roads, the roads themselves make the money. The Terminal Association, when all plans are perfected, must operate to make money for the roads rather than for itself, and this means that, eventually, in the interest of the individual roads, the terminal charges must be cut almost as steadily as terminal facilities shall be increased. So much for "the octopus."

But the Terminal Association is willing to establish a precedent of compensation for franchises. It offers the city the lump sum of \$250,000, to be used for any public service whatever. It does this voluntarily, in addition to the facilities it enlarges and perfects. Some people claim that the Association owes the city \$150,000 as its share in building a bridge. Three courts have decided that the Association does not owe the money. Now comes the Association and says it will pay, not only the \$150,000, but \$100,000 more for the franchises it asks, arguing, and with justice, that \$250,000 now in the city treasury is worth more than a small annual payment for a number of years, especially when it is taken into consideration that the benefits to flow to the city from the franchises are of almost incalculable money value. The city surely should be anything but exacting against a concern that puts \$7,000,000 into betterment of its own properties in order to increase and develop the business of St. Louis.

If the Terminal enlargement and perfection are to be accomplished at all, work must begin not later than June 15. They should be done by the opening of the World's Fair. Therefore, the Terminal Association bills should be passed without delay. There is no rational opposition to the measures. The franchises carry in their use the sufficient remuneration that should be demanded for all franchises. The Association acknowledges the franchise tax theory in its offer to pay the city \$250,000 in cash. It establishes a good and strong precedent in municipal reform in franchise granting. The only thing the Municipal Assembly can do, in simple fairness, is to grant the rights asked, and grant them quickly, in the interest of all the people.

REFLECTIONS

A Serious Menace

THERE are ominous symptoms of unrest and dissatisfaction among the working elements in St. Louis. Already one can hear rumors of an approaching big strike. The leaders of labor unions are unwontedly active. There are many secret conferences. If indications and vague reports are not misleading, strike plans have already been discussed and prepared. The troubles may be upon us almost any day. Union labor regards the World's Fair as an incentive to, and excuse for, exorbitant demands. It believes that it has the World's Fair management and the contractors at its mercy and can practically dictate its own terms. The temporary, artificial scarcity of labor in this city, caused by the great enterprise, is a standing and irresistible temptation to present demands for more wages. The situation is such as to warrant grave apprehensions. Its seriousness could not possibly be exaggerated. A great strike in this city, at the present time, would lead to calamitous consequences. It would jeopardize the success of the Fair. It would scare away would-be exhibitors and create a bad impression abroad. St. Louis cannot afford to have strike troubles at this juncture. It has not yet recovered from the bad effects of the tumultuously indecent street car strike of three years ago. Industrial peace is absolutely essential to the success of the World's Fair. Every effort should be made to assure it between now and December, 1904. Both employers and employes must be impressed with the fact that a great strike at the present time would be both disgraceful and disastrous. A dispute about

wages must not be permitted to imperil an enterprise which has the endorsement of the National Government, and to participate in which all the great countries of the world have been invited. Just grievances must be settled peaceably, imaginary grievances must be forgotten. St. Louis does not want any strike.



Fearing Criticism

PENNSYLVANIA'S new libel law is exciting no end of discussion. Almost every paper of that boss-ridden State is condemning and denouncing it. And for very good reasons. The law was passed on the behest of that coterie of political ringsters at the head of which stands the suavely crafty Senator Quay. The intent of its clauses is to muzzle the independent press. The political bosses had become restive under the broadsides of hostile criticism which right-thinking editors were discharging at them. As they control all branches of the State government—executive, legislative and judicial—they had no difficulty in jamming the new law through the Legislature and having it signed by the pliant, yet ostentatiously incorruptible, Pennypacker, whom Quay nominated and had elected Governor last fall. Quayism is bringing forth results which are in ill accord with the times. A law muzzling the press is an anachronism in this country. It may go well with the irresponsible despotism of Russia and Turkey, but in the United States it is a political monstrosity. It would seem that despotism, whether it be that of an autocrat or of a vulgar boss, always leads to the same thing in the end—the stifling of public opinion.



Satire in Politics

THE cynical New York *Sun* fairly "out-shines" itself these days. Its editorials flash forth an unceasing succession of coruscating satire and cunning philosophy on the Rooseveltian attitude towards trusts and the decision in the New Northern Securities case. To Western hayseeds, it looks very much as if the *Sun* were overdoing the thing. Its capitalistic affiliations and proclivities have been apparent for so long a time that the subtle editorial tirades utterly fail to convince. President Roosevelt has the people behind him. He knows what he is doing, and knows what should be done. It is ridiculous to hold him responsible for the prevailing strike craze. The labor troubles were bound to come. Roosevelt's policy had nothing to do with the strikers' demands. The *Sun's* attacks on the President may delight Wall street. Outside of that capitalistic proseuche, they will fall unmitigatedly flat. Satire, such as the *Sun's* editorials are teeming with these days, will only strengthen President Roosevelt with the masses of voters. Satire never carries much weight in the West. The obtund honesty of Western voters is not susceptible to it. It prefers talk straight from the shoulder, words that mean what they say. The West likes a square deal. It has no use for Florentine duplicity or the epigrammatic artfulness of a Talleyrand.



Cossack Christianity

If there are really Christians at the head of the Russian government, it is about time for them to exert themselves in efforts to stop the hideous, horrific persecution of Jews in Bessarabia and other portions of the empire. No excuse of any kind can be advanced for the torture and massacre of hundreds of innocent, law-abiding people. The suspicion that officials secretly connived at the Kishnieff outrages is exceedingly strong. But for criminal indifference and encouragement of some kind, the frenzied mob could not have satisfied its bestial cravings for blood, rape and rapine. The reign of terror lasted altogether too long to warrant the belief that the police and military authorities were in a state of ignorance and could not

possibly have prevented the outrages. That the news from Kishnieff is fairly close to the truth cannot be doubted. It is confirmed by some of the most reliable correspondents of European and American journals. Russia stands convicted before the civilized world of having permitted and abetted a persecution of unoffending people the details of which are not a whit different from those which attended the Boxer movement in China and the crusade of extermination which the Bashibazouks and Kurds instituted against the Bulgarians and Armenians years ago. It ill becomes the St. Petersburg authorities to express high indignation at Turkish outrages in Macedonia and Albania. They have countenanced things which would stir even the withered conscience of such a hardened criminal and bloodhound as Abdul Hamid is known to be. Cossack Christianity is just as brutal as Bashibazouk Moslemism.



Pompous Funerals

THE movement which aims at a reduction in funeral expenses ought to succeed. Funerals have become so much of a luxury that only the dead can afford to indulge in them. There are too many ceremonies; there is too much of that sort of shoddy mourning which itches to be noticed. And there is also an amount of maudlin funeral verbosity that is altogether excessive and unnecessary. American funerals are fast becoming a nuisance and a terror. They call for a financial outlay that is in jarring dissonance with the spirit of the occasion. To people of modest means, burials have become an intolerable hardship. If there is to be any reform, it must come from the upper classes. A large part of all this funeral pomp and display can readily be done away with. It serves no purpose of tangible good. It bores and disgusts the judicious, though it may tickle the coarse vanity of the *parvenu*. A display of wealth at funerals looks like a hideous burlesque rather than a touching tribute to the memory of the dead.



Profit-Sharing—A Rejoinder

IN another column, appears a communication from a reader, in which exception is taken to certain statements made in a "Reflection" entitled "Profit-Sharing," which appeared in last week's MIRROR. In rejoinder, the MIRROR, while admitting the substantial correctness of the writer's statements, wishes to remind the latter that the criticism of the profit-sharing plan of the United States Steel Corporation concerned itself with the future rather than the present. Besides, it is well known that when the plan was formulated, its advocates considered it attractive chiefly because preferred stock was offered to employes at a price several points below quotations then quoted in the open market. It was regarded as eminently praiseworthy in the directors to assure the employes of a good profit beforehand, and thereby to evidence the sincerity of the motive which induced them to adopt the scheme. That potential profit has, however, almost entirely disappeared since. From the very start, it was merely imaginary. It could not be realized. And there is some good reason to believe that certain speculative or syndicate considerations played a vital rôle in the conferences which finally resulted in the plan's adoption and carrying out. The MIRROR is not, and never has been, inimical to honest corporations. It is perfectly willing to give them credit for all they have done in promoting the country's commercial, agricultural and financial expansion. If it criticizes the profit-sharing plan under discussion, it does so in a spirit of fairness, to point out the dangers of a proposition which urges the workmen to invest their savings in shares the value of which is utterly problematical and puzzling to even the shrewdest experts in securities. No profit-sharing plan which con-

tains such a great amount of risk as does that of the United States Steel Corporation can be commended to workmen. Why should hard-earned savings be invested in the preferred stock of a corporation the five per cent first mortgage bonds of which are quoted at less than 90? As everybody knows, the iron and steel business is a most uncertain one. From the extreme heights of prosperity and tremendous profits it often falls into the utmost depths of depression, loss and bankruptcy. The Pennsylvania Steel Company, which is now earning such great surpluses, was in the hands of receivers only a few short years ago. Various other like instances could be cited. The workman may be advised to enter into partnership with his employers in the iron and steel business when he can be reasonably sure of being given "a square deal." If he is to-day induced to take an allotment of United States Steel preferred, he is tackling something that may, after a while, turn out to be the hot end of the poker. The directors of the United States Steel Corporation are, undoubtedly, perfectly honest in their belief that they are doing the right thing by their employes. But, unfortunately, they cannot, at this late date, undo the deplorable results of those unscrupulous methods of stock-jobbing which signalized the ushering into being of a thousand-million-dollar corporation. From the very nature of the case, they cannot be expected completely to cut loose from syndicate, or Wall street, influences. Stock-market considerations have too much of an influence on the management of the United States Steel Corporation. This was plainly reflected in the late conversion of preferred shares into bonds. Mr. Carnegie seems to have such strong faith in the intrinsic merits of the preferred stock. Yet why is it that, at the time he sold his plants to the corporation, he chose to accept payment in first mortgage five per cent bonds, rather than in seven per cent preferred stock? The MIRROR's correspondent points out that a subscriber to United States Steel preferred has, under the profit-sharing plan, the right to cancel his subscription, at any time, and to receive not only what he paid on same, but the difference between the seven per cent dividend which the stock pays and the five per cent interest on the deferred payments on his stock. In regard to this, all that is necessary to say is that it has no direct bearing upon the merits of the plan. It does not entirely protect the subscribing workman against loss. In his recent London speech, Mr. Carnegie himself admitted that much. Besides, there is the possibility, or shall we say the probability, that the dividend on the preferred will eventually have to be reduced or passed altogether? Where would the workman be in such a case? Where would the safety of his investment, or his profit come in?



Birth-Insurance

IN Massachusetts they have organized the American Mothers' Birth Insurance Company, whose purpose is "to pay a sickness or disability benefit upon the birth of a living child to any member." The officers of the company are to serve gratuitously, and the insurance is to be given to members at actual cost. Insurance of this kind should be hailed with a yell of delight by those who are elaborating upon the dismal theory of "race suicide." It holds out hope and cheer, inasmuch as it encourages marriage and propagation. Married people who hesitate to discharge that noble duty of patriotism which commands them to contribute to the ranks of their country's defenders and workers will have their causes of Laodicean feelings in the matter of propagation removed by becoming members of this new, up-to-date insurance organization. We have life insurance, and approve of it, so why shouldn't we look with favor upon birth-insurance?

Birth is, after all, more important than death. We cannot possibly have too many babies. Let us encourage propagation in every legitimate way. Every inducement should be held out to married people to do their share in preserving the human species without fear of consequences. When money considerations have once ceased to worry married people who are anxious to, yet dare not, become parents, there will be fat babies and doting mothers galore, from one end of the country to the other. Even old, prudish, economical New England will again get a hustle on itself and try to break all its records of birth-statistics.



The Cotton Boom

COTTON is once more on the rampage. It is now selling at prices which mean a substantial increase in National wealth. It would seem, however, that the boom has been somewhat overdone. In all probability, there will soon be a sharp reaction from the present level. The advance must be kept within bounds. Idiotic gambling performances will only hurt in the end. They tend to restrict exports, and this is something which the planter has reason to fear. The statistical position of cotton is strong at the present time. It should not be permitted to grow weak by bullish antics. What the producer needs and wants is a steady market at profitable prices. It is to his permanent interest to retain customers in Europe and elsewhere. American cotton is the best in the world, and should, under normal conditions, always command good values. The pernicious interference of reckless plungers is not needed. Nor is it desirable.



The Modernity of Juvenal

IN reading a recent tasteful translation of Juvenal, I was more than ever struck with the keen modernity of his immortal satires. The Rome of Juvenal was little different from the New York or London of to-day. It was enervated by wealth, conquest and long prosperity; a sink for the waste and filth of all the civilizations of the then known world. Moral rottenness pervaded the whole social and political fabric. Religious faith there was none; morality was a subject for taunt and jibe. The pursuit of wealth and pleasure absorbed all the intellectual and moral energies of the higher classes. The gods were falling into disrepute. The here and now constituted the fetish which all acknowledged and worshiped. This awful state of corruption stank in the nostrils of Juvenal, who was a Roman of antique spirit, and called forth that splendidly true satire which has ever since delighted the cultured mind. Juvenal is, admittedly, the inventor of typical, genuine satire. None of the great satirists which preceded or succeeded him can be said to have approached the standard he set. Not even Dryden, immortal though he is, could dim the luster of the noble Roman's fame. Juvenal is great chiefly because his satire is universal. He belongs to every age, to every civilization. While the indignant and often brilliant moralizing of Pope and Dryden enchains our attention, and even fascinates us, Juvenal compels our conviction, our confidence. His whole spirit is so largely, so exaltedly, sincere. He seldom launches a personal attack; his individuals are merely names which head an indictment of general corruption. Juvenal's style is enthrallingly rhetorical. It reflects magnificent eloquence. His whole mental vision is fastened upon the degeneration of his age and country. The scholarly and discerning English translator, Mr. Owen, gives us, incidentally, a passage which is a *résumé* of the analogies between present London and the Rome of Juvenal's piercing invective: "The follies and evils of Oriental and other superstitions find a counterpart in Christian Scientists, affected belief in Buddhism, occultism, spiritualism, and

other crazes; fashionable adulteresses, lovers of gossip and scandal, and 'lady-athletes,' have their modern sisters; the licentious Spanish dances still continue, but are not confined to Spain; reckless gambling is as rife now as it was then; the turf with its attendant evils is a reproduction of the contests of the circus; the aristocratic soldier, backed by the highest social influence, who is more at home in an atmosphere of horse-flesh and drinking than in his military duties, is not unknown among us; nor is the noble spend-thrift, who runs through his money and goes upon the stage, or financiers and others, who make away with the property of the credulous by fraud, or fashionable and wealthy parents, who, by the example of their lives, train up their children to debauchery and folly; the pestilent poets, of whom the satirist speaks bitterly as an affront to letters, are still inconveniently frequent. . . . The worst of Nero's crimes was that he murdered the Tale of Troy divine: who shall say whether the encouragement of bad literature is still not among the worst of crimes?" The parallel between Juvenal's Rome and the great cosmopolitan cities of the present day is complete. What wonder, therefore, if the Roman master of satire is as up-to-date at the beginning of the twentieth as he was in his century. It is surprising that no one has yet done for Juvenal what Pope did for Horace in his brilliant imitations—or none since Johnson. Perhaps Juvenal's grand satire, flashing with point and thunderous with energy, the sweeping and majestic verse, rise above the heads of mere imitators. There is, in truth, something of an Hebraic rectitude, sternness and passion in this patient, keen and sorrowing watcher of his country's shame and decay. What a truly noble figure he is, this Roman Jeremiah! There is infinite pathos in his subtlest ironies, and an underlying nobility of sentiment and ideals that stands in striking contrast to the grovelling and strictly materialistic eudæmonism of his times.



The Use of Drugs

THAT the drug-habit is assuming alarming proportions is proved by lately-published governmental figures. Imports of medicinal opium are shown to have increased from 72,287 pounds in 1898, to 548,674 in 1902; during the same period, the value of imported morphia and salts increased from \$35,659 to \$96,559, and that of cocaine from \$59,660 to \$254,704. These figures hint at the existence of conditions which court earnest investigation. They leave no room for doubting that the name of sufferers from ailments of the brain and nervous system is legion in this country. This increasing use of nerve stimulants and narcotics reflects, to some extent, the immoderate strain to which mind and body are nowadays subjected. It is the underlying cause of thousands of cases of suicide, crime and accident. It is intimated, for instance, that the causes of some recent railroad accidents can be traced directly to drug-addicted employes. The use of cocaine is said to have become particularly prevalent among the employes of those Western railroads which do not permit of the use of alcoholic stimulants. Medical authorities in Vermont are agreed that prohibition led to a most striking increase in the sale of stimulants, especially of cocaine, in that State. Cocaine appears to be the most dangerous of these drugs. The craze for it is instilled by the various catarrh-curing kinds of patent-medicine. The medical profession is known to furnish a large number of cocaine and morphia fiends. Among the *haute volée* of society, the hypodermical administration of narcotics is steadily growing in vogue. It is quite likely that the carelessness, ignorance and indifference of many medical practitioners in matters of prescription, and the use of various new-fangled "curative" devices, are responsible for at least some of

this boom in the sale of nerve-stimulants. The American people are using entirely too much medicine. And in this they are encouraged by thoughtless or conscienceless physicians. More discretion should be exercised in the prescribing of medicine and powders. Physicians must bear in mind that Nature is more of an agency in the restoration and preservation of health than are all the drugs in the world. Constant use of medicine ruins any physical or nervous system, no matter how strong it may be, or have been originally. Medicine, undoubtedly, kills more persons in this country every year than any other single agency that we know of. If people paid more attention to diet and hygiene, if they made more use of their senses than of drugs, they would enjoy a greater degree of health and happiness, be able better to stand the wear and tear of modern life, and not experience any craving for the assistance of that treacherous guide to the sanitarium and the grave—the nerve-stimulant.



THE RECEDING WAVE

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

OMINOUS rumors of price-cutting have made their appearance in the Pittsburg iron district. Trade journals intimate that consumption is slowly overtaking production and that stocks are once more on the increase. The price of pig-iron is already three dollars below that of a year ago, and further reductions are considered highly probable.

All this is interesting news, and particularly so to Wall street, where every experienced speculator is on the look-out for symptoms of danger and reaction. The iron market has always been regarded as the most reliable barometer by which business conditions may be judged. It was one of the sayings of Jay Gould, that king of sagacious speculators, that "as goes iron, so go stocks," and, of course, business in general.

The approach of a period of depression is invariably indicated by decreasing demand for iron and steel. It was an abrupt deterioration in iron trade conditions which, in 1883, foreshadowed the advent of a serious business reaction and falling railroad earnings. The recent panics in Germany and other European countries were likewise preceded by a gradually slackening demand in the iron and steel trade.

At the present time, the trade in the United States is still in a prosperous condition. There are big iron orders on hand, to fill which will require great activity at the various plants for many months to come. There is, in fact, still such an abnormal demand, compared with that of some years ago, that American consumers are compelled to place a large part of their orders in Belgium, Germany and England. It could be noticed, however, during the last few months, that these orders were gradually decreasing and that American producers were making some strong efforts to secure them themselves.

It has often been said that prices on this side are reasonable. That they are so from the producers' standpoint, cannot be doubted. But neither can it be doubted that they are utterly unreasonable from the consumers' standpoint. If prices were on a lower basis, there would, unquestionably, be much more reason to look with confidence into the future and to expect a prolongation of prosperity in the iron districts. As matters stand, buyers have cause to go slow. They are watching conditions most closely; they anticipate, and with ample reason, a material reaction in prices in the not remote future. If they are, therefore, disposed to restrict their orders, they cannot be blamed. Nobody can expect them to enter into large contracts at present prices, under present abnormal conditions.

A few days ago, various railroad companies an-

nounced that they had decided to stop part of their improvement work and to await a reaction. This was considered most significant. It aroused a feeling of disquietude in Wall street, where the state of things is already distinctly rickety. The high railroad officials have their own and very good sources of information. If they now indulge in predictions of a reaction, they must be held to know what they are talking about. President Ramsey, of the Wabash, for instance, is ordinarily not disposed to "talk through his hat," or to labor under hallucinations in matters economic. He is a most experienced, conservative and far-seeing railroad man. His words always carry weight with cautious people. It is safe to say that his recent remarks in relation to the high level of prices at present prevailing had more to do with the late break in quotations for railroad and industrial securities than any other factor that could be adduced.

The trend of affairs in the iron trade, is watched with extreme anxiety by those who have for a long time been carrying loads of inflated and unmarketable issues of stocks. It looks very much, indeed, as if some of the prominent syndicates had been "caught napping," as if they had overstayed the psychological moment to sell and to pull out. Unfortunately, however, "there are others," who have been left high and dry by the receding waves of prosperity in stock-jobbing. "The widows and orphans," and all those which this comprehensive and much-abused and much misused nomenclature includes, have likewise been left behind with their holdings of "sure dividend-paying investment shares," which unscrupulous stock-jobbers induced them to buy at top-prices two years ago. It is known, for instance, that more than seven thousand "small" people invested their savings in United States Steel common, when that stock sold at 50, and over, shortly after the organization of the company with the largest capitalization in the world. Since it touched 55, the stock has been sinking and sinking with hardly any interruption, until it now may be bought in car-load lots at from 34 to 35. Morgan and his friends, of course, were fortunate, or "smart" enough to get out of the rain at the right time. Morgan hardly ever allows himself to "get stuck." Morgan is not that kind of a man. He and his coterie of "great financiers" "fed out" their enormous holdings of United States Steel shares, and earned, incidentally, a bagetelle of two hundred per cent on the transactions, and the "widows and orphans," and others, are now patiently holding the bag.



THE CHAUFFING MANIA

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

CHICAGO is automobile mad. Already there are two hundred dealers in these self-propelling carriages, where there were six three years ago. Last Sunday, the first warm holiday this spring, the parks, the boulevards, the highways and byways, were streaked and swarming with autos of every style and pattern, from the dinky runabout to the man-killing Juggernaut of France. It doesn't take as much money now to own an automobile as to keep a stylish span and carriage. If you don't own one, you can hire a machine that may have seen better days, but is still an "auto."

If you drift along the aisles of the big stores, you will hear the shop-girls telling envious listeners about the "spins" they had in Tom's or Harry's "auto." They are wearing the little leather caps with visor of white or green that are supposed to go with the speed-lever, brake and fog-horn of the new flying machines. There are coats, gloves, shoes, hats, stocks, hose, waists and lingerie made specially for automobile use. In the cars coming down to business in the morn-

ing, you hear staid-looking business men talking of this make and that pattern of machine as familiarly and as persistently as they talked of bicycles a few years ago. I am told that there are now more than five hundred "makes" of automobiles, and probably five thousand patterns or "styles." They range in price from \$250 to \$10,000.

Women shoppers come in a procession of puffing runabouts, market-wagons, coupés and phaetons to the crowded down-town streets. To be sure, they look a bit worried and often they get into awkward tangles with street-cars and drays, but the anxiety upon their faces has a triumphant martyr-like radiance about it. They know that every woman pedestrian is gazing at them with admiring envy. That the men who watch them from the curb would like to be "alongside." They are proud of the courage it requires to "chauff" through a maelstrom of cable and trolley cars, of wagons, horses and hurrying multitudes. They know that it costs money to "chauff," but above all they know that it is the style, and—'nuff said.

The newspapers, magazines, photographers and artists have already delineated the "automobile face." It expresses a condition of fierce, tense, almost agonized excitement. Any enthusiastic chauffeur will tell you that it is no such thing, and as the cracks all wear a face-covering that looks like a cross between a diving-helmet and a foot-ball mask, you must take their words for it. But the fact remains that no automobile faddist will admit that his machine is not the fastest, or that he did not pass everything on the road. Speed is the whole consideration with the followers of the new fad—I had almost written sport. If they can flash through the air so fast that it requires a mouth-guard to enable them to breathe, so much the better. The latest plan to keep breath in the lungs of the automobilist is to put up a great sheet of plate-glass in front of him. This is a great boon, though there is the suggestion of some brittle finishes in case a horse, or even a man, should come hurtling through the front window. However, it permits the chauffeur to smoke, a performance not to be thought of in open-faced autos unless the operator likes tobacco for desert.

"What's the matter, George?" a lady enthusiast asked of her escort, "did we use up all the gasoline?"

"No," sighed George, putting his head under the tailboard, "I swallowed my cigarette!"

My brief experience with the chortling speed-wagon is that it does not make for sane pleasure, to say nothing of sport. I got in a French thunderbolt at the Auditorium the other day and in fifteen minutes had taken a drink at the Germania building, about seven miles away. I didn't see anything; couldn't if I had tried, because the wind stung the tears into my eyes and the awful velocity of our progress snatched the breath from my nostrils. The lawns and trees swept by like green-ribbons in a gale. The rim of Lake Michigan seemed like a blinding waste of steel blue. I like to look at trees and water; I would see the beautiful women, the flowers, and the sky. We had no business at the Germania building, but it is a "clean run," as my friend put it, and somebody or other holds the record at twelve minutes!

Bicycling was too mechanical an exercise to ever rise into the dignity of a sport. It was to horse-back riding what trammel fishing is to bait-casting; what bird-trapping is to wing-shooting. The "scrubs" took to it as soon as they learned that it was cheap and safe. Automobiling is bicycling raised to the *nth* power. There is little danger about it except to the pedestrian who isn't quick enough to get out of its way. It is becoming daily less expensive. But men and women of courage and imagination, who would visit

Nature as they would a mistress or a lover, will not surrender the horse. He is not only beauty alive, but a companion, a friend, a champion. He will gallop with you across frozen furrows and up rugged acclivities. He will drag you out of quagmires and fail not when he is far from home. He will loiter with you through vine-draped paths in the wilderness, and race gallantly for the gentleman who is unafraid. He has a caress and a word in his own language for you, and he will work, or frolic or grieve with you. He has breeding, and red blood and character, and men and manners are the better for him.

And he won't make your face look like a Gargoyle's.



PLATT AND ODELL

BY PHILIP PAYNE.

SOME few men are hard to kill; they refuse to be displaced. One such is Thomas Collier Platt, who is a soft walker and has as many lives as a cat. Often his political death has been announced; often has the rumor of his political decay been bruited about; but somehow he survives and his influence, if it fluctuates, never permanently wanes.

"The Easy Boss" of New York has been supposed to be falling into senility of late; his grip upon the machine has been supposed to be loosening, and every day the newspapers have been ready to declare that Governor Odell has become indisputable master of the organization and that Senator Platt was finally down and out. Such announcement, however, has been deferred from week to week, and now men are wondering if, after all, the Senator is not a livelier corpse than the Governor.

The truth is, that Governor Odell had no excuse for breaking with Senator Platt except that furnished by personal ambition. The two men are alike in their methods and beliefs; the Governor had been the creature of the Senator, and by grace of the latter had become his chief lieutenant and then finally the Executive of the State. As Governor, Odell did not depart from the Platt ideal, was not a reformer or an enemy of the machine. The day came when the Governor's ambition exceeded his gratitude, when he was not content with being Platt's heir, but aspired to become his dispossession. The Senator was an old man, had enjoyed a long lease of power; the Governor would force the Senator into retirement and would usurp the sovereignty of the machine.

But Senator Platt's tenacity is no less astonishing than his flexibility. Often he has extricated himself from a close corner and many a time put up a stiff fight when he had appeared to be indifferent to everything but the express business. As his lieutenant, the Senator had been content to allow the Governor to run the State; but the moment the lieutenant showed his desire to be proclaimed master, the old political hand became perniciously active. The fight between the two has been going on under cover for nearly three years, and, of late, it has flamed out fiercely to the public gaze and become a crying scandal of the Republican party in New York.

Governor Odell is a dark man of bilious temperament, aggressive will, masterful inclination, and practical education. He has no ideas, his speeches are verbose and mean nothing; but his grasp for administrative detail is enormous and his capacity for running a political machine equal to that of Hill. He is immensely ambitious for power, he has an appetite for personal domination, although his only conception of the uses of power is self-aggrandizement and his sole notion of conducting an office is that of administrative efficiency and economy. He has not made a bad governor of New York. He has introduced eco-

nomics into public business which none but a trained man of practical affairs could have accomplished. His administrative talents have saved to the State more money and secured it a better conduct of public business than Theodore Roosevelt with his reform ideas ever secured as Governor.

Governor Odell made a National reputation as an Executive by his first term at Albany. His administration was a model of business efficiency. He was talked of for President, when Mr. McKinley had finished a second term. In those days, Governor Odell was courteous and urbane and seemed getting rid of the *onus* of being a practical politician of the most practical kind. Independents who despaired of the practical possibilities of reform, began to see the uses of a man trained by the machine, who, become chief executive, seemed to adopt higher motives and to promote them by means of the practical methods in which he was skilled.

The first term showed Odell as Dr. Jekyll; the second has revealed him as Mr. Hyde. The assassination of Mr. McKinley changed the complexion of affairs. Mr. Roosevelt was promoted thereby and became master of the immense power of the President's office; the fact assured his nomination in 1904, or at least assured the defeat in the election of any candidate who might be nominated over his head in a Republican convention. Governor Odell recognized the transformation at once and, it is said, signified as much by offering the new President his allegiance, on the train from Buffalo to Washington.

Governor Odell himself changed over night. He broke training; he realized he never could be dictatorial; he had been courteous, now he was gruff. For a time, he seemed to throw policy to the winds; he offended politicians and, apparently, did not care what the public should surmise. He affected the blunt absolutism of a railway president or the head of an industrial Trust. It was rumored he was about to resign the Governorship to accept the presidency of a gigantic corporation, a post which carried with it a princely salary and which would permit him to display the administrative talents he so abundantly possesses.

Perhaps Governor Odell finds that political power is hard to relinquish; perhaps he simply made up his mind to finish his term. More probably, his vindictiveness has been aroused by the enmity of Senator Platt and he has resolved to do up the old man before he retires. Probably, also, seeing the futility of trying to be good, that a record as Governor never can get him the Presidency, he has returned to his old idols and degenerated to his old methods. His sum of aspiration now is to be recognized indisputable "Boss" of the State.

The Bosship he finds occupied and hence his attempt to evict Senator Platt. It is a fight of political giants; also between skilled and subtle mercenaries. If the Governor has the power of his office, the Senator likewise has the power of his office, and it is not as yet clear that the Administration at Washington is arrayed against the Senator.

The contest is largely a test of the strength and quantity of friends. Governor Odell controls men by his knowledge of their interests and motives. Men are bound to him, admire him or fear him. Senator Platt is personally an eminently lovable man, and in the course of a lifetime has bound many men to him by his charm or his services. He seldom antagonizes; he generally conciliates; he is considerate of everyone brought into personal contact with him; he has been kind, nay paternal, to a host of young men. He made young men, at an impassioned age, debtors to him and now in his need he finds friends all through the State who are grateful for some favor rendered years ago.

The opinion of politicians who are shrewd seems to be that Senator Platt has made up his mind to exterminate Governor Odell as a political factor and that the latter is doomed.

New York, May 14.

CHAMBERLAIN'S SCHEME

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has come out strongly in favor of a protective tariff, and thereby assumed a position diametrically opposed to that held by Premier Balfour, who is a staunch adherent of the free trade policy.

What caused Chamberlain to endorse protectionist demands? His imperial federation plans, undoubtedly. The Colonial Secretary still believes that a federation of the empire, on *Zollverein* lines, is both feasible and desirable. He broached the subject to the Colonial Premiers, some time ago, but they offered him little encouragement. The Colonies have troubles and interests of their own. In Australia, for instance, there have been all kinds of panics, strikes and famines in the last few years. The Colonial treasuries can ill afford to increase expenditures, or to set aside funds for Chamberlain's strictly imperial purposes.

If Chamberlain is now preaching the gospel of protection, it is done for the purpose of pointing out to the Colonials the various advantages bound to accrue to them from a free interchange of commodities between the mother country and the outlying portions of the empire, and from the erection of trade barriers against all other countries. It is most questionable whether Chamberlain is really sincere in his avowed belief in protection. The suspicion is strong that he is merely endeavoring to gain political power and prestige at home, and an endorsement of his federation scheme among the Colonials.

Chamberlain is openly encouraging the belief that imperial federation will immensely benefit the Colonies, and, in the end, more than fully compensate the inhabitants of the United Kingdom for the patriotic abandonment of a system that has given the millions of industrial workers an abundance of foodstuffs at reasonable prices. He insists that federation will surely promote industry and agriculture and assure prosperity in the outlying portions of the empire. The empire for the empire—this is Chamberlain's motto.

Will Chamberlain have his way? Will he be able to convince his compatriots of the desirability of protection and federation? At the present time, these questions must be answered in the negative. England is, pre-eminently, an industrial country, and will be more so ten years hence. The majority of Englishmen are engaged in industrial, not in agricultural, pursuits. The vital political economic and social interests of the country, therefore, demand a free interchange of commodities with all countries. Protection would speedily destroy England's present commanding position in the world of commerce. It would benefit the agricultural minority at the expense of the millions of industrial workers. It would accelerate the growth of Socialism; it would make for dissatisfaction, for large accessions to the ranks of the proletariat.

The Colonial Secretary is an opportunist. He has no fixed principles. Up to a few years ago, he advocated free trade just as ardently as he now does protection. Chamberlain is an adept in trimming his sail so as to catch every passing breeze. He is most ambitious. It is known that he still aspires to the Premiership. His disappointment was keen when the mantle of Lord Salisbury fell on the shoulders of his nephew—Arthur J. Balfour—and not on Chamberlain. He has always been treacherous, and has always been noted for instability of principles. Chamberlain is

pugnacious, indiscreet, arrogant, even brutal. He is famous for his "blazing indiscretions." He is, by all odds, the most dangerous, because the most unscrupulous and most resourceful, rival of Balfour.

Balfour is everything that Chamberlain is not. He is the worthy nephew of his uncle. He is a good representative of the illustrious Cecils. He is of the old school of statesmanship and diplomacy. Balfour is every inch an aristocrat and a scholar. There is aristocracy in his methods and in his ideals. Horace's "*odi, profanum vulgus*," rings through all his polished utterances. It is difficult to imagine Balfour as the friend of Chamberlain.

Prospects indicate an approaching rupture between the two political rivals, and a dissolution of the Conservative-Union Liberal alliance. Joseph Chamberlain's advocacy of protection may bring about the disruption, and also, possibly, the downfall of the present Balfour government. The stability of the latter has already been undermined by recent, unwise legislation in matters religious and educational.

GOHIER'S IMPRESSIONS

BY URBAIN GOHIER.

[Urbain Gohier, a well-known French author, and one of the few men of real prominence who dared to espouse the cause of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, visited the United States, about a year ago, for the purpose of studying economic, political and social conditions over here at close range. The impressions received during his tour will soon be published in Paris in book form. In a late number of the New York Independent are given some of the following extracts from M. Gohier's book which will no doubt prove of interest to Mirror readers. They have special reference to the religious situation in America. M. Gohier's views are, if anything, distinctly original. If they are, partly, unfair and not in accord with true conditions, they serve to show us at least how others see us. M. Gohier observes and reasons well, if a little too strongly. He is a clever raconteur and something of a cynic.—Ed. Mirror.]

RELIGION in the United States is certainly in evidence. In railway trains, in electric trains, on steamboats and in restaurants the eye falls upon pious texts, posted between the bills of department stores and investment agents. In the crowded districts of every large town are to be found city missions; their rooms, adorned with religious devices, offer free sermons for the long evening, in competition with the saloons and low-class music halls of the neighborhood; respectable and well dressed women preside at the organ and lead the singing of hymns; people of every condition, shop-people, the poorest day-laborers, push their way in, join in the singing, and listen seriously to a half hour's preaching. In the hospitals a patient's religion is noted on his bulletin-card, and the direction is posted that in event of a dangerous turn the clergyman should be summoned. The idea of a man without any religion at all never enters the American mind—at least not the official mind. Even at Girard College, where the founder left a proviso that no clergyman should ever enter the precincts, the administrators have built a chapel and provide a sort of religious service conducted by laymen.

Having once conceded this prevalence of religion, however, one finds the greatest latitude in its practice. The United States is the land of tolerance. Every man may avow his own religion, or found a new one, if that suit him better. The various sects have at times fallen into contentions of a commercial nature; never into actual violence over doctrine. Up to the present, all live at peace, with a spirit of fraternity truly surprising. In the hospitals, where I saw clerical attendance provided for the sick, one chapel served for all denominations. At the universities, likewise, one

chapel serves for all. In the Quadrangle of the University of Chicago, I have heard sermons not only from every Protestant sect, but even from a Catholic prelate, the Bishop of Peoria, whose sermon, following an opening service that was a veritable medley, came between an Anglican and a Lutheran hymn. Such a scene as the following could never have occurred in Europe. From an European point of view, it is one, perhaps, most characteristic of American life. At Louisville, Ky., one Sunday, a visiting clergyman had ascended the pulpit and made his opening prayer when a man stepped up and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but this is my church here."

"What! That can't be. I was told to come here and preach. I am from the Baptist seminary."

"The Baptist church is just across the way. This is the Presbyterian church."

"Well, brother, I'm afraid you are in a bad stall!"

There was a laugh; each went to his proper place, and the services went on. In Europe there would have been a dead man at the end of such an entanglement. A sincere and active religious faith is hardly possible without fanaticism. A man who is certain that the divine truth is in his possession feels it an imperative duty to impart it to his fellows by grace or by force, and to treat as impious outcasts those who oppose his efforts. Absolute toleration presupposes a large dose of skepticism, a great lukewarmness of faith. The ministers of the numerous Protestant sects can tell, perhaps, wherein their *credo* differs from that of their neighbor; their faithful followers rarely can. Those whom I have questioned have never been able to draw the nice distinctions which separate their respective sects.

The affliction of the Protestant world is its Sunday. In a large part of the United States, two or three Sundays would drive a stranger to suicide. It is difficult to find anything to eat. The theaters are closed. To help pass the day, the papers issue editions of from 40 to 90 pages, filled with whatever may divert women and amuse children. There is nothing else available. Laborers who cannot indulge in certain pleasures during the week because they are confined in shops and factories cannot have them on Sunday merely because it is Sunday. Museums and libraries are closed; mail is not delivered. At Chillicothe, Ohio, the municipal board once tried to reduce the fines and other penalties which fell upon the managers of playhouses for violation of the laws against Sunday performances. The pastors were in an uproar. They called mass meetings to demand the dismissal of the mayor and his associates. It was evident that the church could not stand competition with the other shows, if the two were to take place at the same time.

In order to hold their public, the pastors have recourse to a variety of attractions. Some churches have substituted for their afternoon service a talk on general topics, supplemented by orchestra music of quite secular character. In New York, a Baptist church has struck upon a fetching number: a young girl whistles during part of the service. In limp sweet modulations, she renders "Traumerei," "The Mocking Bird," "The Flower Song." The church is too small for the crowds at its doors, and neighboring pastors are all out looking for whistlers.

In the land of "business," a church is organized and conducted like any other enterprise. At the time of the coal strike, when there was danger of a shortage of fuel for the winter, many pastors adopted the idea of a co-operative league between churches for maintaining a supply. Only a few sanctuaries were warmed for use at a time, and neighboring congregations took turns at visiting one another. The Rev. Geo. E. Littlefield has undertaken to launch a co-

operative church. He has just devised a new creed, and needs a building in which to promulgate it. He announces that he will begin building as soon as he has four hundred shares of stock subscribed for. His communicants will be at the same time members of a consumers' co-operative society; in the church they will have Scripture doled out free of charge, while in their store adjoining they will get everything requisite or housekeeping "unadulterated, full weight and in Scripture measure." Already three hundred subscriptions are assured. Pecuniary response to sermons, in America, is often immediate and considerable. At the Gospel Tabernacle in New York the Rev. A. B. Simpson, president of the Missionary Alliance, raised in two meetings on the same Sunday \$60,156. The morning service alone brought \$54,476, and ended in a tumult of enthusiasm, with sobs, hallelujahs and signing of checks.

The most extraordinary of these enterprises is that of John Alexander Dowie, "Elijah II the Restorer, General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion." This capable man has sounded the depths of American credulity, and has made a fortune out of it. Coming from Australia without a dollar, he has made himself a town, Zion, where he is lord and master. His followers number already 40,000, ruled over by some eighty pastors, and taxed according to their ability by their chief. Less in the public eye than Dowie, but equally able in pushing her business, is the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder and head of Christian Science in America. She is the butt of much railery from the press and of imprecations from the pulpit, but she counts already 12,000 ministers of her doctrine, about 600 churches and 75 institutes. Within seven years she has received and instructed 4,000 disciples in her college, and is now spending two millions of dollars in enlarging her church at Boston.

Considering the conspicuous place of religion in America, the multitude of ministers of all sects and the constant incentive of their zeal in competition, it is of interest to note what rôle the clergy will play in the approaching social contentions. In Europe it is well known that the Church is everywhere regarded as the bulwark of the privileged classes. But in America, too, as Miss Vida Scudder, a professor at Wellesley College, has remarked, "though independent of the State, its influence points toward a dangerous submission to the powers of this world." A labor leader expressed its attitude thus:

"I am really sorry for the parsons. Most of them are good fellows at heart. They know what Christ wanted to have said, and would be genuinely glad to preach it, if they dared. But, Lord! how can they? They must look out for their salaries; they have their families to provide for."

All the multimillionaires are pious folk; they attend their churches regularly, build chapels, subsidize the clergy, found or endow schools of theology, and support all sorts of charitable enterprises carried on by the parsons and by their wives and daughters. Miss Scudder observes:

"It is hard to see how this state of affairs could be avoided, and, in one sense, no one is to blame for it. But so long as this situation continues, the laborer will instinctively regard the Church as an adjunct of the privileged classes."

For all that, the coal strike rent the Protestant clergy into opposite factions. Those who felt the benefits of capitalism were very outspoken against the miners. One, at Boston, declared that "there was no despotism on earth more crushing than that of the labor unions." Another, who had spent a vacation among the strikers, testified that it was only the exceptional prosperity of the laborers that had rendered the strike impossible. Yet another put the question as revolving at bottom simply into this: whether the country

was going to be governed by the people or by the labor unions. On the other hand, some pulpits launched upon their somewhat startled public menacing words against the tactics of capitalism. A bishop at Chicago described the miners as waging a battle for principles, and as comparable in energy and high resolve to the heroic Boers. The issue was characterized from another pulpit as the gravest that had confronted the American Nation since the Civil War, being, in fact, the arraignment of plutocracy. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in an open letter, said that the contest pointed to but one final solution: the ownership by the Government of the coal mines; Dr. Parkhurst inveighed against the presumption of the trusts in ignoring their dependence upon labor; in other quarters the language used was fairly incendiary.

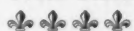


LOVE'S BLOSSOMING

BY JAMES WHITEHEAD.

B ELOVED, in the garden of my heart
There fell one night a solitary seed:
I knew not whence it came nor what its part,
Nor of what nourishment it might have need.
Wearied by wandering through the ether wide
It slept, and, when its weariness was gone,
Said, "In this pleasant spot I will abide,
And with the fairest claim comparison."
Startled, I watched with keen and constant eyes
The growth to bud and blossom of my guest,
Like one to whom 'tis very Paradise
To see her infant drain her ample breast;
And lo! I found, one happy evening hour,
My heart was harboring Love's immortal flower.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.



NEEDED—A REST

BY HAROLD D. MEISTER.

T HE civilized world is greatly in need of, and undoubtedly longing for, a restful and uneventful period of a few years. The intellectual and moral tension of the present day is constant and excessive. Every government is forever on the *qui vive*, and so are the financiers and business men in general. Complete rest, it seems, is no longer obtainable. The whole world is one and inseparable. What happens in the United States is quickly reflected in Europe, and *vice versa*. The antipodians have become our next-door neighbors. We think and feel and act quickly these days. Nothing can any longer be done in secret.

Statesmen, especially, says the London *Spectator*, long for a halcyon period of comparative dullness. Most of them are elderly men, and besides distrusting much of what is called progress, they are a little bewildered by the far-reaching effects of everything they do. A King or a Premier nowadays cannot throw a stone into the sea without trembling for the disturbance he may create upon some far distant shore. Increased facility of intercommunication has brought to them at least nothing but wider responsibilities, and, what they dislike even more, a more peremptory necessity for hurry. They are expected to repair the ruin wrought by an earthquake or a tornado before the echoes of the explosion have completely died away. If the Legations in Peking were attacked next Monday, every statesman in Europe would be expected on Tuesday to declare his policy, and on Wednesday to have an army on the sea. The Christian Churches confess the same desire of rest, for tranquility is one of their avowed ends; almost everything that happens annoys or menaces them, and amidst the roar of theological and ecclesiastical con-

troversy they have a sense of growing deaf. Commercial men, even when successful, declare that "the pace is too fast," that they have no time to grow quietly rich, that something is always happening, or being rumored, or being invented which, for a time at least, bewilders them, and makes them feel as a Viceroy of India once declared that he felt when the number of his executive orders exceeded a hundred a day—"Oh for the peace of my Ministry at Munich!" Above all, the thoughtful of Europe sigh for a period of quiescence, for they see, or think they see, that a generation is growing up with an inaptitude for reflection, whose thoughts are like atoms of quicksilver, which form no solid, and whose characters are not buildings, but only sandheaps. It is not in a dust-storm, they say, that healthiness is generated, or that men acquire the ability to do anything. Nothing gets settled in all this welter and whirl, and it is when the world is settled and change is not expected that great minds gather their strength. We all perceive this in the present aspect of literature, which produces everything except great poems, great dramas, and great ideas; and it is equally true of that perpetual rush of events which has followed the modern pooling of the world. It pulverizes rather than solidifies character.

There may be exaggeration in the opinion of the thoughtful, for they are apt to be the first to get tired, and they forget that men, like schoolboys, have a power of rejecting one half the knowledge forced upon their attention. It is as possible to be ignorant of events in a telegraph office as to be solitary in a crowd. A great deal of it, however, is true. It is difficult to doubt that, as there are cycles of calm weather and cycles when storm-winds are frequent, so there are cycles in history when things happen, and that we are in the vortex of one of them now. It is not all illusion produced by the fact that we see farther and notice events which a century and a half ago would no more have been visible to us than events in Mars. The stream of events is running faster. Great movements are in progress, as they were in the fifteenth century, and every great movement produces from time to time highly dramatic events. The passionate desire of the white world for transmarine territory produces every year successes and catastrophes which enchain attention. Democracy is not yet reconciled to anything, but heaves restlessly with its own fears and hopes; and Democracy is a Behemoth, which cannot stir as a mouse can, and, when stirring, excite nothing big to pay it even the compliment of regard. Its sprawlings are events, its rushes cataclysms, its bellowings threatenings of the cyclone. The cry of the working peoples for more comfort arrests the march of the comfortable as the scream of a murdered man would arrest the march of the passers-by. The groans of an ancient civilization in the Far East, which can neither accrete power to itself nor continue to exist without it, produce across the seas all the impact of events, which in a way they are. The redistribution of a nearly forgotten continent yields great events by the score—battles, victories, catastrophes, discoveries, heroes of soldiership and administration. There is always something new from Africa. A new religion cannot be born and assert its right to universal dominion, without events happening; and humanitarianism is nothing less in myriads of minds than that new religion. The deadly struggle between ecclesiasticism—we do not mean religion—and the belief that the conscience is sufficient to itself, that, in fact, men can now become learned without schoolmasters or desks, yields almost every week some dramatic event. Science, for eighty years past, has been striking blows which reverberate through the modern world, and will reverberate through history more loudly than any

The Mirror

war; and this whether she alters all the relations of man to the county or continent around him, as Stephenson did, or shatters whole systems of thought, as Darwin did, or makes men half believe, as Marconi is doing, that to the physicist nothing is impossible. The great movements are endless; and with every great movement comes the desire for a pause in it, if it be only that we may have time to see what the flood is doing as it sweeps on, what it is destroying, what fertilizing, where repairs are peremptory, and where new powers are given into the hands of the dwellers on the bank. The predominant thought of men in a cyclone is not one of fear, even for themselves or their dwelling places, but—"Oh, that the wind would stop, if only for a moment, so that we might think and see!"

Whether it will stop or no it is hard to decide. We incline to think that it will not for some considerable time. The Kings and statesmen, who, Lord Beaconsfield said, still govern Europe, are doing their best to preserve peace, but events are by no means favorable to their efforts, and one great force constantly impedes them. The peoples rule in the long run, and the peoples have grown jealous and suspicious of each other. Each people sighs and wearies to be richer, and each thinks that its rivals endeavor to impede or prevent its prosperity, even if they do not devise plans for taking away that prosperity's fruits. The jealous hunger for wealth works as strongly as the old ambitions, and, like them, must produce considerable events. Men are talking already of "heritage" soon to fall in and sure to be hotly contested, as if great States like Austria and Turkey were properties which would enrich their heirs beyond the dreams of avarice, yet which must first produce great lawsuits. There may even be great campaigns fought to defend trade monopolies, or to resist, as in the case of the Continent versus America, dangerous competitions. The nations are not starving on heaps of gold, as Kingsley saw them, but tossing and sighing because in their sleep they dream of gold which they can never reach. The Churches show every symptom rather than the desire to rest; and when they move there are always events, for behind them are the millions whom, as they themselves complain, they do not convert, but whom nevertheless they strangely and most powerfully affect. Commercial men are nearly as jealous as the peoples, and hunger for territory as the Kings used to do, till dreamers ask what, if the whole world is exploited for the benefit of one generation, the next will have to live upon, and predict a time of exhaustion, not for mankind, but for their mother-earth. The traders have often produced events, and even in the time of Elizabeth they never were more careless what they did or not, so only that routes might be "open" and they themselves enriched. As for Science, she is all alive with the hope of new victories—especially new enchanted armor which no savage's thrust may pierce—scientific men perpetually repeating, and, as we conceive, fully believing, that they are on the edge of discoveries which will change the face of the world. They, at least, will not cease from revelations which are events as great as battles, and sometimes more lasting in their effects. As to the thoughtful, though they rule in the end, they win their dominion by processes so slow, and so nearly invisible, that events seem never to stop for them; and if they decided on the necessity for rest, it would take at least two generations to make their advice prevail. We can see little hope of rest for this generation at least, even though amidst all its feverish activities we can detect the longing. A change, no doubt, may come over the spirit of the white men, and they may develop the patience which in all countries enables the husbandman to wait for his harvest without cursing; but of

such change there is as yet no trustworthy sign. Rather, we should say the active classes are losing even the power to comprehend the husbandman's tranquility, and are asking themselves in amazement how he can bear to be content with his one event a year—the harvest—and with the long delay which intervenes before even that one occurs. To the husbandman events are misfortunes; but the husbandman no longer rules.



THE JEWELS

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

SHE was a handsome girl, born, by a mistake of destiny, into a family of hard workers. She had no fortune, no hope of any, no chance of meeting rich suitors, and so she let herself be married to a young employé in the Board of Public Education.

She dressed simply, because she could not afford to dress expensively. Consequently she was very discontented, thinking herself worthy of the highest luxury and elegance.

She despised the cheap flat in which she lived, with its bare walls, shabby furniture, and hideous hangings—all these things, generally a matter of indifference to a woman of her class, were positive torture to her—and so she gave herself up to absurd, impossible dreams. She dreamed of gorgeous anterooms, hung with Oriental fabrics, lighted with candles in bronze sconces, of servants in livery and powder, dozing in armchairs, drowsy with the heat and perfume of the place. She dreamed of great salons, draped with gleaming silk, of tables loaded with priceless bric-a-brac, of little coquettish boudoirs and five-o'clock teas with intimate, chosen friends, and all the distinguished and sought-after men eager to gain admittance to the charmed circle. When she sat down to dinner at the little round table, covered with a cloth that had seen three days' service, opposite to her husband, who himself removed the cover of the soup tureen, declaring with an air of perfect content, "What a delicious soup! Nothing is better than vegetable soup," she would decline the soup, and dream of dainty little dinners in a dining room hung with tapestries, the table brilliant with glass and silver, the viands served on wonderful dishes.

She had nothing—no money, no jewels, no toilettes. As she really cared for nothing else, her life seemed worthless to her. She longed to be envied, fascinating, and sought after, and she believed that she would be all these if she could dress as she wished to. She had given up visiting her one rich friend, a former schoolmate; the contrast in their surroundings was too painful to her. For days at a time she wept from sheer despair.

One night her husband came home, beaming with delight, a large envelope in his hand. "Here is something for you," he said. She tore open the envelope and found a printed card that read:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. George Rampanneau request the pleasure of M. and Mme. Loisel's company, at the house of the Minister, on Monday evening, 18th January."

Instead of the delight which her husband had anticipated, she threw the paper on the table and said crossly:

"What good is that to me?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You go out so seldom, and it will be well worth seeing. I had hard work to get the invitation. It is to be a very swell affair, and very few of the clerks are asked. You will see all of the high officials."

"What have I to wear to such a function as that?" she answered sulkily.

"Would not that gown do that you wear to the

theater? You always look so pretty in it." To his horror, she burst into violent weeping.

"My darling, what is the matter?"

With great effort she calmed herself.

"It is nothing. Only, as I have no ball dress, I cannot go to the ball. Give the card to one of your friends whose wife has better clothes than I have."

These words touched him deeply.

"How much would a ball dress cost you? Something simple, that would be useful to you on other occasions?" he asked.

"I do not know exactly. I think I might manage with eighty dollars."

He turned a little pale, for he had been putting money aside lately for the purchase of a new gun, and he had been looking forward to a gunning trip to Nanterre with some friends the following summer; but he answered bravely:

"Very well, you shall have eighty dollars. Do the very best with it that you can."

For days before the ball, Mathilde seemed restless and dissatisfied, although her dress was ready and a perfect success. Her husband asked her what she was worrying about.

"I have no jewels," she said; "not one stone of any kind. I shall look quite poverty-stricken. I would almost rather stay at home."

"Why do you not wear natural flowers, they are so much worn now? For two dollars you can get three magnificent roses."

"No," she said, pettishly; "there is nothing so humiliating as to look poor among a lot of rich women."

"Why," said M. Loisel, suddenly, "why do you not ask your friend Mme. Forestier to lend you some of her jewels?"

She uttered a cry of delight. "What a splendid idea! I never thought of that."

She flew to her friend, and told her all her troubles.

Mme. Forestier brought out her jewel box and opened it, saying: "Choose for yourself, my dear; take anything you want."

With eager fingers Mathilde turned over the jewels, bracelets, a pearl necklace, a jeweled cross. She tried them on before the mirror, finding it hard to decide. At last, in a black satin box, she found a superb necklace of diamonds. Her heart beat wildly; her fingers trembled as she clasped them about her throat. "Would her friend lend such valuable jewels?" "Yes, yes; you can wear them, my dear." Mme. Loisel embraced her friend and fled homeward with her treasure.

Madame Loisel was a great success at the ball. She was the prettiest woman in the room, graceful, smiling, wildly happy. All the men asked to be presented; the high officials asked her to dance; the Minister himself remarked upon her beauty.

She danced with such a passion of enjoyment, lost to everything but the triumphs of the hour, in a sort of fairyland of admiration and homage, the atmosphere so precious to a woman, that it was hard indeed to come back to earth again. She consented to go home at 4 o'clock. Since midnight her husband had been peacefully slumbering in an anteroom, with several other indulgent husbands, whose wives were enjoying themselves. He folded her wrap carefully about her—the poor little every-day wrap, that looked so mean over her handsome dress. She tried to escape the glances of the other women, who were putting on their costly furs, but her husband insisted that she should wait while he called a cab, as she was too warm to brave the night air. She flew down the stairs and into the street, and walked up and down while her husband sought for a "night hawk." Finally one was procured, and she arrived at her home

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with a sinking heart. Her happiness was over! She threw off her cloak and stood gazing at herself in the mirror. Suddenly a scream of horror burst from her lips. The diamond necklace was gone!

"The necklace! I have lost Louise's necklace!"

They searched everywhere—in the folds of her dress, her pocket, her wrap. The necklace was not to be found.

"Did you have it when you left the palace?"

"Yes. I felt it when I stood in the vestibule."

"You must have lost it in the cab. Do you remember the number?"

"No."

"Nor do I. I will go at once and search over the route we came."

At seven o'clock he returned after a fruitless search. He had informed the police, sent notices to the papers and the cab companies, offering a large reward.

Mathilde sat all day brooding upon the terrible disaster. Loisel came home at night, pale and haggard.

"Write to your friend that you broke the clasp and are having it mended."

At the end of the week they gave up hope. Loisel, older by five years, declared that the jewels must be replaced. They went from jeweler to jeweler trying to find an exact counterpart, both almost ill with anxiety and distress. At last they found one, and the jeweler said its price was eight thousand dollars, but he would let them have it for seven thousand. They stipulated that if the other necklace were found he would take his back for six thousand. Loisel had three thousand dollars left to him by his father; he must borrow the rest. He borrowed on all sides—four hundred of one, fifty of another, five here, ten there. He signed notes, made ruinous engagements, had recourse to money lenders. He compromised his future career, signed recklessly without knowing how he should repay, hurried to the jewelers, seized the necklace, and handed over the hard-won seven thousand dollars.

When they returned the necklace to Mme. Forestier, she said, reproachfully:

"You might have returned it sooner. I might have wanted to wear it myself."

Luckily, she did not open the box. Had she no-

ticed the substitution, what would she have thought?

And now began a terrible life for the Loisels. The debts must be paid at once, and Mathilde was determined that she would bear her full share of the burden.

She dismissed her servant, and they took a small room up under the eaves. She did all the work, even to the washing and cooking. She washed dishes and pots and pans, spoiling her pretty white hands and rosy nails; she carried down refuse and brought up water.

Every morning, with a basket on her arm, she went to market, bargaining and cheapening, and often receiving insult because she tried to make the money go as far as possible. Every month they paid off some of their notes, and made others, to gain time. Loisel did expert accounting in the evenings, and at night did copying at five cents a page; anything that would bring in money. This awful life lasted just ten years. At the end of that time they had paid every cent, with interest and taxes. But Mathilde had become an old woman; she had become rough and coarse, like a woman of the people, with unkempt hair, gown awry, red hands; she talked and laughed loudly as she scrubbed her floors.

Sometimes, however, as she sat at her windows, she would dream of that wonderful evening, when she was courted and admired at the ball.

What would her fate have been had she not borrowed that necklace? Who knows? Life is so strange, so uncertain. It takes such a small thing to make or mar it.

One Sunday she had gone to the park to rest herself after the labors of the week, when, suddenly, she came face to face with a lady, also walking and accompanied by a little child. It was Louise, still young, still pretty and attractive. Mathilde was much agitated. Should she speak to her? Why not? Now that all the debts were paid, she could tell her the whole story. "Good morning, Louise," she faltered. Mme. Forestier, not recognizing her, and wondering who it could be that addressed her so familiarly, replied: "I think you must be mistaken. I—"

"No, I am Mme. Loisel," her old friend exclaimed.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde, you are so awfully changed."

"Yes, I have had hard times and much suffering since I saw you last, and you are the cause of it."

"I? How is that possible?"

"You remember the diamond necklace that you loaned me to wear at the ball at the palace?"

"Yes."

"Well, I lost it."

"How can that be when you returned it to me?"

"I only returned an exact copy of it. It has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can imagine how hard it has been."

Mme. Forestier started.

"You bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never discovered it, they were so exactly alike."

Mme. Forestier, pale and trembling, seized her friend's hands and cried:

"O, Mathilde, my poor Mathilde, mine were only imitation, and only worth two hundred dollars!"

Translated for N. Y. Evening Post.



ON HEART-BREAK ROAD

BY EMERY POTTLE.

"O H, the road is hard," laughed one,
 "Bitter the weather;
 Let's bide at the inn of Forgetfulness,
 Drunken together—
 Heigho, heigho!
 Drunken together!"

"Oh, the road is hard," wept one,
 "Sorry the trying;
 Let's lie 'neath the walls of our Hearts' Desire,
 Wretchedly dying—
 Alas, alas!
 Wretchedly dying!"

"Oh, the road is hard," prayed one;
 "Grant us to-morrow
 To knock at the gates of thy Perfect Peace,
 Purged by our sorrow—
 Spare us, good Lord,
 Purged by our sorrow."

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NEW BOOKS

A Chicago scholar is the author of a volume, entitled "Shakespeare and the Rival Poet," in which an ingenious effort is made to prove that George Chapman was the "rival poet" of which Shakespeare speaks in his Sonnets, and that the rivalry which existed between the two men is clearly reflected even in such plays as "Love's Labor Lost," and "Troilus and Cressida." Mr. Acheson's theory is in line with that first propounded by Dr. Furnivall, in 1879, and cannot, therefore, be considered strictly original. It must be acknowledged, however, that the Chicago scholar produces an interesting array of new and even better evidence to establish this theory, and, incidentally, throws a good deal of new light upon the character of Shakespeare, the personality of the "dark lady," which figures so prominently in the Sonnets, and the purposes which guided Shakespeare in the delineation of the characters of some of the great figures in his most famous plays. In regard to the mysterious "dark lady," Mr. Acheson says: "I believe, from what I find in the Sonnets, that our poet's connection with this woman commenced at almost the same period as his acquaintance with Southampton, in about 1593, and that it was continued until about the beginning of 1598. I believe, also, that he genuinely loved her, and fired with the passion and intensity of his love, produced in those years the marvelous rhapsodies of love in "Romeo and Juliet," "Love's Labor Lost," and others of his love plays, which have so charmed the world. . . . Further on, our author expresses his staunch belief that the Sonnets must be regarded as personal documents, that in them Shakespeare spoke his real feelings to real people. Both Shakespeare and Chapman, we are told, were rivals for the favor of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Mr. Acheson endeavors to demonstrate that it was due altogether to this rivalry with Chapman, who had dedicated his seven books of the Illiad first to the Earl of Southampton and afterwards to the Earl of Essex, that Shakespeare made Achilles, whom Chapman had apotheosized, such a brutal coward and bully in his "Troilus and Cressida." In regard to Chapman's character, our author has the following to say: "George Chapman, as a man, is usually taken at his own valuation; that is, a saintly, learned and dignified philosopher, and a contemner of vice. This was undoubtedly his pose, but I am drawn strongly to the belief that he was more or less of a humbug. . . . In 1594, in his first poem, "The Shadow of Night," he takes a very lofty pose, scorning and contemning the sensuous trivialities of other poets. His poem, however, won him little fame, and nothing more substantial. In the next year, suiting himself, as he supposed, to his public, he out-Herods Herod, in the first and only effort he makes at sensuous verse. Failing in this also, he reassumes his high moral altitude, and begins to tell the world of other great things he will do. As a dramatist, his comedies are dismal failures, and his tragedies cloudy blood and thunder. As a poet, his intense egotism kills his art by precluding objectivity." In summing up, Mr. Acheson takes occasion to emphasize the grandeur and power of Shakespeare's art. "Shakespeare," he says, "wrought with our material—the word, which is the voice of the spirit of deeds and of things—subordinating, with truest art, beauty to use, till use became beauty. This, then, is the secret of Shakespeare's unchallenged place in our national life; he is the concrete embodiment of the artistic ideal of our forceful and virile race. What all vaguely feel, he not only felt, but expressed. . . . He did not, like Chapman, stand apart from the world in brooding and scornful disdain, but entered into it; he gave himself to the world, and the world gave itself to him. He was of no school—nature was his book and school. . . . The inevitable sadness of human life, the natural result of in-

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finite aspiration linked to finite mortality, never develops with him into a worship of sorrow, but sounds low and sweet like a minor chord, lending power harmony to the great song of life he sings." The volume under review will no doubt prove of great interest to Shakespeareans. It is evidently written by a man who has studied and collated Shakespeare lore in a manner that is, if not very exhaustive, at least ingenious and stimulative of further research. The value of the book is enhanced by the addition of some of the poetical writings of Chapman bearing on the subject under discussion. It is handsomely bound and printed. Published by John Lane, New York.

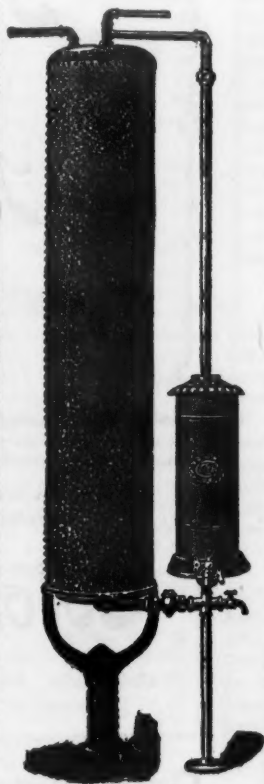
J. C. Cooper is the author of "The Handwriting on the Wall," in which he predicts a revolution for 1907, and presents us with a revelation of "startling facts concerning the terrible influences that are at work destroying the Nation, with the sober conclusions drawn from these facts by an ex-Congressman." This book should make a hit with those who are forever expecting political and social cataclysm, and who think they can detect in the craze to consolidate, in the doings of millionaire stock-jobbers, in the unrest among the laboring classes and in the growth of political corruption and paternalism, destructive influences which should ultimately render momentous revolution and a readjustment of organized society absolutely inevitable and necessary. The author presents a startling array of facts and figures and quotations from all sorts of sources, more or less reliable, to prove his thesis and to give an air of probability to his dire prognostications. Much of it is extremely sensational and illogical. The author makes the mistake of over-estimating conditions which, in the course of time, and in the natural order of development, will correct themselves, without any violent upheaval of existing social order and political institutions. The American people have a large and fine amount of common sense in their mental make-up. Taken as a whole, they are neither corrupt nor disposed to favor and to encourage corruption. They are perfectly able to take care of their government and future, and to suppress the sinister forces of anarchy and dissolution. Mr. Cooper's work has too yellow a tinge to appeal to people who think and reason sedately. The book is illustrated, and published by the P. H. Roberts Publishing Co., St. Louis.

A new and improved English version of Louis Cornaro's "Art of Living Long" has been prepared and published by William F. Butler, of Milwaukee, Wis. Cornaro was a Venetian, who lived in the fifteenth century, and passed the one hundredth milestone on the highway of life, and, towards the close of his life, delighted his contemporaries with a charmingly written account of "the means of his complete restoration from an almost hopeless complication of bodily infirmities, to the happy state he continued so long to enjoy." In this account, he demonstrated, "in a manner most decisive, that the condition of perfect health, maintained to the full limit of life ordained by Nature, is a blessing within the power of every human being to realize." The book under review has been gotten up with scholarly care. In addition to the version of Cornaro's treatise, it contains such essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple as have a bearing upon the subject dealt with. There are also excellent portraits of the Venetian, Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple. Addison's elegant tribute to Cornaro, which appeared originally in the Spectator, in 1711, forms the fitting introduction to the volume. Cornaro was something of a philosopher. He was a man of varied taste and considerable learning. Withal, also most religious. Intemperance he considered as the greatest obstacle to longevity. Repeatedly, he points out the many phases which it as-

sumes and the inevitable ruin to which it leads. It was Cornaro's firm belief that God intends to give us long life. He "is desirous that every one should attain the extreme limit; since He knows that, after the age of eighty, man is wholly freed from the bitter fruits of sensuality, and is replenished with those of holy reason. Then, of necessity, vices and sins are left behind." In these times, when rules of diet and hygiene are constantly being violated, when body and mind are under a most excessive and unrelenting strain, Cornaro's treatise furnishes timely and wholesome reading. It contains a wealth of quaint, yet shrewd observations, and teaches us that the only way to reach a ripe old age and to preserve our health is by living rightly, by living as we should—that is to say, as beings endowed with reason. The book is bound and printed in attractive fashion.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., are the publishers of "The Archierey of Samara," by Henry Illowizl. It is a semi-historic romance of Russian life which the author has given us. In it we read of the terrible sufferings which the Jew has to undergo in an empire which is ruled by the pitiless arm of monocracy and an organization of officialdom than which nothing worse can be found elsewhere in Christendom. The author has a vivid and impressive style. In reading over the pages, one realizes that he is intimately conversant with most of the facts and scenes which he describes. He is somewhat given to exaggeration; at times he lays on a coat of paint that is altogether too thick, yet the story holds our attention to the end. Coming at a time when the newspapers are full of accounts of the horrifying persecutions of Jews in Bessarabia, this story assumes more than ordinary interest. Repulsive is the picture which the author draws of the character and surroundings of the Russian peasant of the lowest classes. "Ever since his emancipation," we read, "by the humane Alexander, the Russia mujik eats, drinks, talks, lives and acts like a filthy animal. His hovel swarms with vermin and reeks

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tral Station, New York.

with the stench of the pestiferous hole
in which a whole family, males and fe-
males, are promiscuously huddled to-
gether, sleeping on the same sacks of
straw on a bed of wretched boards, drink-
ing from the same unclean cup, and feed-
ing like swine from the same wooden
vessel with spoons of wood or with their
unclean fingers." People who desire to
obtain an adequate idea of the wrongs
and horrors of despotism, of the degrad-
ing, brutalizing influences of a despi-
cable bureaucracy, and the unspeakable
crimes committed against the Jewish race
in a Christian empire, will find their
wishes gratified in Mr. Illowiz's story.
The book is neatly bound and printed,
and contains various illustrations.

The May-June number of that excellent
publication, "The Book-Lover," contains
an illustrated symposium on Ralph
Waldo Emerson, among the contributors
to which are J. R. Hodgdon, Charles W.
Kent, Edwin Wiley, Chas. W. Hubner,
Lorenzo Sears and John Vance Cheney.
John Russell Hays contributes an article
on "Lionel Johnson: A Celtic Poet." Further
interesting features of this number
are: "Eugene Field: The Man," by
Slason Thompson "Laurels and Lau-
reates," by Estelle Gardener; "English
Booksellers," by Andrew Lang, and
Form and Fashion in Literature," by
Minnie D. Kellogg. "The Book-Lover"
appeals to a wide and cultured circle of
readers. Among its contributors are men
of established reputation and many
prominent scholars and scientists. It is
published by The Book-Lover Press, 32
East Twenty-first street, New York.

Among the supplements of the May
number of "The International Studio,"
we notice: A colored reproduction of
the Painting entitled "Moonlight," by
Jongkind; a reproduction in colors of a
Triptych in Painted Enamels, by Alex-
ander Fisher; one of a Silver Cup with
Bassetaille Enamels, by the same; one
of the Hall at "Yellowsands," by M. H.
Baillie Scott; one of a water-color draw-
ing, by A. W. Rich, entitled "On the
Thames;" one of a portrait of Lady
Stone, painted and embroidered on satin
by Dora Holme; also one of the drawing
by John Ruskin, entitled "Castello
Vecchio." "Studio Talk" contains the
usual instructive art-talk of foreign cor-
respondents. This high-class monthly
publication must be recommended to all
who wish to keep au fait in the world of
modern art. It is edited by Charles
Holme, and published by John Lane, 67
Fifth avenue, New York.

Numbers II, III, IV and V of "Rep-
resentative Art of Our Time," have
made their appearance. They contain
veritable treasures. The best modern
artists are represented therein. There
are original etchings and lithographs, also
reproductions of oil and water color
paintings, pastels, etc. The numbers like-
wise contain critical articles emanating
from authoritative sources. In number
V, we note an etching of the "Bridge of
St. Martin, Toledo," by Joseph Pennell;
an auto-lithograph in colors, "Brume
Matinale," by Henri Riviere; a water-
color, "Youth and the Lady," from the
original drawing by Eleanor Fortescue-
Brickdale; an oil painting, "A Shaded
Pond," from the original, by Mark Fisher,
and an oil painting, "Nidderdale,"
from the original by P. Wilson Steer.
"Representative Art of Our Time," is
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ADDRESS

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GEORGE B. LEIGHTON,
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SOCIETY

The first of the series of lawn fetes with which the St. Louis Club delights its members was given last night at the Clubhouse in Lindell boulevard. This fete champetre is generally a conge to those of the smart set who hie themselves away to the summer resorts immediately afterwards, and an earnest to the stay-at-homes, that the months of June, July and August will not be without jollity.

It is the charm of informality with which these fetes are given that makes them so attractive. Never, on a summer night, was there such a bewilderingly beautiful spectacle as that presented on the Clubhouse verandas and about the brilliantly lighted grounds. The night was ideal, and added majesty to the scene without and within the stately halls. The St. Louis Clubhouse is at once cosmopolitan and homelike, and at last night's fete this impression was enhanced by the whirl of beautiful costumes worn by the ladies, a whirl that ran the gamut from the simplest, daintiest shirtwaist frock to the most elaborate summer evening toilet. A number of informal dinners preceded the real function of the evening, which began with the greeting of fascinating music and ended toward the early morning hours. The members attended in full force with their families and friends who had received invitations.

The fashionable nuptial event of this

week will be the marriage of Miss Emily Catlin and Mr. Arthur Shepley at Christ Church Cathedral, Wednesday afternoon, Dean Carroll M. Davis officiating. The cousins of the bride, Misses Irene and Emily Catlin, will attend her as maids of honor. Mr. Shepley's best man will be Mr. Allen C. Orlick. Mr. Walter McKittrick, Mr. Tom Wright and Mr. Dan Kirby will serve as ushers. After the ceremony a large reception will be given at the Catlin home in Vandeventer place.

Mrs. John A. Holmes, of Portland place, entertained with a large reception last week in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Brooks, of Cleveland, O., who is the fiancée of her son, Mr. John Howard Holmes. Mrs. Holmes' palatial home was in festive array with great clusters of American beauties in the drawing room and library, pink sweet peas covering the serving table in the dining-rooms, and bridesmaid roses overspreading the whole. The receiving party was composed of Mrs. John A. Holmes and Miss Brooks. Misses Isabelle Belcher and Lucille Paddock assisted at the serving tables. Among the guests were Misses Julia Hodge, who is being entertained by Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, Clara Carter, Adele Hart, Jessie Wright, Frances Allison, the Misses Paddock, the Misses Semple and Papin and Miss Nicholls.

Society has begun its annual hegira to Europe and the summer resorts East, West and North. From present indications, only those compelled to remain in the city by reason of World's Fair business, will abjure the allurements of seaside and mountain resorts.

Mrs. George D. Capen, with her daughters, Misses Jeanne and Ethel, will go to Shelter Island early in June.

Misses Emma and Susie Simmons of the High School will summer at Bar Harbor, Miss Amelia Fruchte will spend the vacation months at Concord, Mass., and Miss Barbara Cousland, of Mary Institute, will go to the Maine resorts.

Mrs. George Blackwelder with her daughters, Misses Bertha and Lucille, will be located at Hyannisport.

Mrs. Randolph Laughlin will summer with her mother, and the Laughlin family, at their new country home at Oregon, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyman have taken a cottage at Hyannisport and will go there early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Niedringhaus and their daughters, Misses Eleanore and Blanche, will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Chapman, of Cabanne, will be at their cottage at Huron Beach, Michigan, early in June.

Mrs. Chouteau Dyer has chosen York Cliffs, Maine, for her summer sojourn. She will go there the first week of June.

Mrs. Robert Funston, Jr., left for Prescott, Arizona, for a short visit.

Mrs. Harrison Steedman will go to the Eastern resorts, while Mrs. I. G. W. Steedman opens her cottage at Wequetonsing.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Norman Jones have taken a cottage at South Haven, Mich., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Green, with their daughter, Mrs. Thompson, and the James Leigh Greens will have a cottage at Green Lake, Me., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Houser have arranged to open their summer home at Wequetonsing early in July.

Face and scalp treated by massage and electricity at Fidella Cosmetic Parlors, DeMenil Bldg., Seventh and Pine.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Kaiser will soon join the St. Louis colony at South Haven, where they have a pretty cottage and many house parties invited for the season.

Mrs. Frank H. Hamilton will summer at the Eastern resorts after a fortnight's visit in New York. Mr. Hamilton will join his wife in August.

Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells will attend the Princeton University commencement exercises, their son being one of this year's graduates. From Prince-

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The "Arnold" Knit Night Drawers, Summer Weight.

A boon to children—mothers of experience will admit that children are just as liable to take cold during the summer as in winter.

The greatest danger is at night when they are tucked into bed with some covering, which, on hot nights, becomes too warm and soon is thrown aside, leaving the body exposed to the night air and the chill of the early dawn.

The "Arnold" Knit Night Drawers, (Summer weight) offers the surest protection against colds invited in this manner. That trouble and worry of keeping children covered at night is avoided when they are put in the "Arnold" Night Drawers. Made from a knit fabric so light and porous that it permits the exhalations of the skin to pass off freely, and for this reason is the most healthful garment a child can sleep in. Your child needs them.

Summer weights are made with or without feet.

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ton, Mrs. Wells will go to New York to select an Eastern resort for her summer stay. Her daughter, Mrs. Clark Street, will be her guest for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Mockler have returned from their bridal trip and have begun house-keeping at 823 Academy avenue, where they will be "at home" to their friends after June 1.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson have, as usual, chosen Jamestown, R. I., for their summer stay. They will be accompanied

by their daughters, and later will be joined by Mrs. C. H. Ledlie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker will leave shortly for San Rafael, California, where they will remain during the summer.

The engagement of Miss Marie Isabelle Pujol to Mr. Guy Thomas Casey, of New York, has been announced by Mrs. Corine Pujol. The wedding will take place in June, but the date is not yet set. Miss Pujol is a beautiful brunette, and highly accomplished.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker, who are in California, will go to Kennebunkport, Me., for the months of July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stanard with Mrs. M. D. Wilson, departed for San Francisco and the Southern California resorts Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dwight Filley and their family will go to their favorite resort, Rye Beach, the last of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Elliott have taken a cottage at Little Boar's Head, not far from Rye, which they will open the middle of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Preterorius will make short trips out of town during the summer, going East late in August to meet Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cook on their return from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Estill McHenry have rented a cottage at Magnolia Beach, Mass., where they will be joined by members of the family, after little jaunting trips through Canada and the Adirondack mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson McLoud, who have given up their residence in Washington boulevard, will soon remove to their new home in Union boulevard.

Young Bride (looking over the new house)—Why, Herbert, do you call this little pigeonhole a shoe closet?

Young Husband—My love, that will hold a hundred pairs of shoes of the size you wear.

Young Bride—Well, perhaps you are right. It's neat and cozy, anyway, and I know you'll be such a dear and purchase the quality papa always bought—the best, you know, the kind one buys from Swope's. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

GOOD ADVICE

Miss Oldgirl (who writes)—I am thinking of writing a love story founded on my own experience?

Miss Maybudd—Oh, dear me! couldn't you bring it to a happier ending?

OUCH

Financier (in the chair)—Do you think you'll ever get rich at this business? Dentist—Maybe not. But I expect to keep plugging away at it.—Chicago Tribune.

MUSIC

HOMER MOORE'S AMBITION.

Homer Moore has hitched his wagon to a star. His aim is to learn to become the American Wagner. And after hearing the excerpts from his latest effort to attain this eminence, which were given at the Odeon Monday evening, his vaulting ambition seems in a fair way not to o'erleap itself. "The New World," as the work is called, is a strikingly clever, and at times thrillingly effective opera, as far as the music is concerned. Of the "drama," as Mr. Moore is pleased to call his libretto, one can judge only by the synopsis printed in the programme book. The story is Wagnerianly tragic and deals with a magic dagger cross, which for three years blesses and then curses its possessor. The principal character is Christopher Columbus, but the other characters and the incidents—excepting the discovery of America—are purely fictitious.

Homer Moore is writing a cycle of American operas a la "Der Ring der Nibelungen" and his earlier work, "The Puritans," of which excerpts have been given in correct form, is intended to follow "The New World." Mr. Moore is evidently a disciple of the immortal German music-dramatist, and follows the modes of Richard Wagner—the early Wagner—as closely as possible, though the treatment of the "leading motives" which he employs is not nearly so exhaustive, in fact, there is little more than the Wagnerian suggestion in his treatment. The dagger was a benignant and a malignant "motive" and that announcing the New World, is particularly good.

As in "The Puritans," Mr. Moore is at his best in the concerted numbers, and in various duets, quartets and choruses the interest never flags, in his long-drawn-out solos, though he becomes at times a bit wearisome and somniferous. Melody is Moore's weak point, he seems to have but meagre inventive powers in that direction, but is harmonically resourceful.

The composer's vocal art, and thorough knowledge of the voice aids him greatly in distributing his voice parts to the best advantage, and though merciless in the way of compass and difficult as to intervals, the singers who interpreted the work sang with apparent ease and certainty, and seemed to revel in the

In The Summer Home ...When It's Hot...



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PROFITABLE NEWS

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Each design is the very newest; every fabric of dependable quality; this, with workmanship of highest excellence, confirms our assertion of superior Boys' Clothes, not higher priced than less interesting kinds elsewhere.

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On Olive Street at Seventh.

great climaxes which Moore builds so well.

The composer—truly a wonderful versatile genius—himself sang the part of Christopher Columbus, and never has he sung more artistically or with richer and more vibrant voice than in this role. He was assisted by as "game" a lot of young singers as one can well hear anywhere; extremes of vocal range and gruesome jumps seemed to have no terrors for them. Conspicuous success was achieved by George C. Carrie, whose voice has grown stronger and more dramatic since the performance of "The Puritans;" James G. Stanley, a very young singer with an appealingly mellow, broad bass voice; Mrs. Blanche Haberman, Miss Jessie Rothchild, and Mr. A. L. Pellaton. Mr. Charles Kunkel, at the piano, was orchestral and gave inspiring support.

PIERRE MARTEAU.

PAINFULLY REMINDED

"Whenever I hear 'The Old Oaken Bucket' a feeling of sadness comes over me."

Makes you think of your boyhood home, does it?"

"No. It makes me think of the bucket shops in which I dropped my money."

A SAFE WAGER

Old Roue—Young man, I have graduated from the school of experience.

Young One—From the result, I would be willing to bet that it was a night school.

AN UNUSUAL BEQUEST

A group of lawyers were discussing wills the other day, and incidentally deplored the prevailing tendency of their profession to overload such instruments with useless redundancies. Said one:

"I was over in New Jersey yesterday as a witness to the probating of the will of the late Judge Leslie W. Russell. It was simplicity and brevity itself. Approximately it said: 'I give everything I have to my wife.' Then, instead of having seven pages of 'in the event of her death, I do give, devise and bequeath, etc., it merely added: 'Reversion to our children.'"

"In fact," continued the lawyer, "there was only one instance of surplusage in the will, which occupied about a sheet of note paper. To me it was touching and beautiful and characteristic of the man. It ran like this:

"I also bequeath to my wife my undying love and trust."—N. Y. Sun.

THANKFUL SOCRATES

Socrates was drinking the fatal hemlock.

"Yes," he remarked, "it might be worse. Suppose they had given me a coffee substitute?"

Glad to have escaped such a fate he expired with a peaceful smile.—Puck.

AFTER THE WEDDING

Ethel—How did you think the bride looked?

Grace—Oh, remarkably well-groomed.—Harvard Lampoon.

A CITY OF TELEPHONES

Probably the first thing which a visitor to Stockholm remarks after his arrival is the appalling number of telephones scattered about the hotel in the corridor and rooms.

In his bedroom he will perhaps find one, and just outside the door another. He cannot move twenty steps without discovering a new one. While, when he goes out into the streets he will see little shelters, each of which holds an instrument.

If his washerwoman does not send the linen back punctually he rings her up to ask the reason. If he wants company at dinner or lunch he invites a friend through the telephone. It is here, there and everywhere.

In Stockholm there are more subscribers to the telephone than there are in New York and Chicago together. It is used very advantageously in the rapid discharge of work by the state authorities.

There are arrangements made by which telegrams, instead of being sent to the house, are communicated per telephone to the receiver direct from the postoffice.

But the system is not confined to Stockholm. The whole of Sweden is covered with a network of cables and wires. At short notice it is possible to converse with Haparanda, in the north, sixty miles beyond the railway terminus, or with Malmo, in the extreme south.

At the present time larger wires are being laid in the north. When this task is completed and the trunk lines are in full working order again it will be possible to carry on a conversation with the utmost ease between Victoria Hafen, on the Arctic ocean, and Moscow, Berlin or Paris.

In short, the telephonic system of communication has been carried to the highest pitch of perfection in the Scandinavian peninsula.

But even now it cannot be said that the system has attained its greatest dimensions if one is to judge from last year's figures, from which it appears that no fewer than 12,000 fresh installations were made in Sweden, the majority in and around the capital.

Almost every village is connected by telephone with its nearest neighbors, even in such distant parts as Lapland.

Thanks to the courtesy of the managing director of the General Telephone company in Stockholm, I was enabled to obtain some interesting particulars of the size and working of this enormous system.

At the present time there are only two really big telephone companies in Sweden, the General Telephone Company and the National Telephone Company, a government concern.

The former has about 33,000 subscribers and its system is confined to a radius of seventy miles from Stockholm. Over the rest of the land the government has a monopoly of the telephones.

Within the seventy-mile radius of the capital there are only 12,000 subscribers to the government company, but outside the radius 50,000 more have joined the system.

A certain amount of rivalry naturally exists between the two companies in Stockholm, with the result that the cost

of the telephone is cheaper there than in any other city in the world.

The General Telephone Company charges \$2.75 for the installation of the apparatus in a private dwelling, and thereafter an annual charge of \$10. In business houses where more than one instrument is required the cost varies from \$15.75 to \$27.50. The government on the other hand charges \$13.75 per annum, and no installation fee, without any distinction between private dwellings and business houses.

Both companies charge extra for long distance communications, and also for connecting their own subscriber with a subscriber on the other company's list. Therefore many people subscribe to both.

In Stockholm itself the General Telephone Company owns no fewer than 22,000 miles of double wires, and within the seventy-mile radius it possesses 7,500 miles more, most of which are laid underground in cables, each cable containing two hundred and fifty double wires.

It is a fact worthy of remark that nearly all the cables are made in Eng-

land or Germany; Sweden, in spite of her enormous telephone system, not having a single cable factory. But all the instruments, changes, etc., are manufactured by the world famous firm of Ericsson, so well known in connection with some of the largest systems in England.

The multiple lamp is the signaling system most favored in Stockholm, although experiments have been made, and are still being made, with the common battery system, which it is proposed to use in the new systems to be installed in Moscow and Warsaw by the Stockholm General Telephone Company.

The central exchange room of this company is the largest and most complicated in the world, since it contains no fewer than 20,000 exchanges.

By an ingenious arrangement, however, long distance connections are made in a separate room, so that the conversations shall not be disturbed by passing through the main exchange room.

This room, I may mention, is insured

against fire for over one-fourth million dollars and has only been in use for the past three months. The original exchange room was destroyed by fire five years ago.

Now special precautions have been taken to render everything in the room fireproof, and prevent a recurrence of the disaster. The loss to the company by the fire was hundreds of thousands of pounds, as, owing to the dislocation of business, many subscribers were obliged to subscribe to the rival company.

In the exchange room a hundred girls are always at work. They are relieved four times a day. Everything is done by the company to make the life comfortable. Two large sitting rooms, furnished with lounges, easy chairs, pianos, etc., are provided for them when off duty, and a large comfortable dining room for their meals.

Last year the government tried to buy the General Telephone Company out. But Parliament refused to vote the necessary three-fourths million sterling—a course which it will yet regret, as in

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Magnificent
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Is valuable to you and should be taken into consideration when our ever-the-lowest prices are quoted to you. Remember that the insurance of good value is upon every article which we sell—then you will become, as have a tremendous number of other people—a steady patron and friend of

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any other interior,
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Buy any Camera you wish, give it a good trial and if you are not satisfied we will refund the money.
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Both are handled similar to Velox, but are easier to develop and make prints that will please you.
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Let us develop your Films and Plates. You are paying 40c dozen. We will do it for 25c dozen; 15c for one-half dozen rolls.

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Hudnut's Wood Violet Sachet; reg. 75c ounce50c
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"KING ADOLPH'S"—Fernandez & Co. Fine Key West 10c Cigars are going at a remarkable rate, but we still have enough left to give you an assortment of colors; 5c each; \$2.50 a box of 50.
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constant care is taken that
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served in a dainty and ac-
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No matter how much or how little you want to spend,
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Our Drapery Dept.

Is keeping up its high standard of excellence. The best selected stock in St. Louis. The best workmen. We do the best business and we give the best satisfaction.

Summer Furniture.

For Veranda and Lawn, Garts, Refrigerators—Everything in line for a summer cottage. All are going fast. That is why we know we have the correct style and price.

In Carpets.

We can show you effects never thought of in this city, and at moderate prices. Examine our stock of Fiber Rugs and Carpets. Just the thing for summer use. Very cheap.

616-618 Washington Ave.

1930, when the concession expires, and the government has the next chance to buy, the price will be much higher, as the business increases tremendously every year.—*London Express*.



CORRESPONDENCE

St. Louis, May 16, 1903.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

It is not business to defend or make apologies for the mistakes of the United States Steel Corporation, or answer criticisms of its promoters. Its stock may be unduly inflated and its promoters may have received more than a legitimate profit from its financing. But your comments in this week's Mirror, under the head of "Profit Sharing," contain some misstatements which I take the liberty of correcting.

All the employees were given the opportunity of subscribing to preferred stock at \$82.50 at a time when its market value was about \$87.00 or \$87.50. Its market value has never gone as low as \$82.50, so that the subscriber cannot figure out a loss on the basis of the market value of the stock. Furthermore, the circular contains a provision that a subscriber may at any time cancel his subscription and receive not only what he paid on same, but the difference between the seven per cent dividend, which the stock pays, and five per cent interest on the deferred payments on his stock. Any one who feels that he has made a mistake can therefore withdraw at any time. It should be borne in mind also that this stock, while held by employees, subscribing for it under the corporation's profit-sharing plan, receives not only the regular seven per cent dividend, but an additional bonus of five per cent, making a twelve per cent dividend, or a 14½ per cent investment based on the subscription price of \$82.50. It can easily be seen, therefore, that the market value of this stock may go much below the subscription price and it will still be to the interest, financially, of the subscriber to hold it. Yours very truly,

B. F. AFFLECK.



A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn, suitable for wedding gifts, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

MONTE CARLO

M. Maeterlinck has been writing in the "Daily Mail" concerning Monte Carlo and its "Temple of Chance." M. Maeterlinck is always individual, and nearly always mystical. To bring mysticism to Monte Carlo would at first appear to be like carrying gems into a cellar. But M. Maeterlinck, though he may make scoffers smile, leaves with people who happen to have some faculty for abstract thought ideas worth turning over cautiously and with serious attention. He finds the temple of chance, in its externals, "insidiously emphatic and hideously blatant. It suggests the low insolence, the overweening conceit of the flunkey who has grown rich but remains obsequious." In M. Maeterlinck's view the temple of the divinity should have been far otherwise: "He should have been throned in a bare marble palace, severe, simple and colossal, high and vast, cold and spiritual, rectangular and rigid, positive and overwhelming." But Mr. Maeterlinck's divinity is not the gamblers' divinity. He sees in the won and squandered gold at the tables the concrete possibility which that gold represents. With the cry of "rien ne va plus" he sees this:

"That is to say, the god is about to speak! At this moment an eye that could pierce the easy veil of appearances would distinctly see scattered on the plain green cloth (if not actually, then at least potentially, for a single stake is rare, and he who plays of his superfluity to-day, will risk his all to-morrow) a corn-field ripening in the sun a thousand miles away, or again, in other squares, a meadow, a wood, a moonlit country house, a shop in some little market town; a staff of bookkeepers and accountants bending over ledgers in their gloomy offices, peasants laboring in the rain, hundreds of workgirls slaving from morn to night in deadly factories, miners in the mine, sailors on their ship; the jewels of debauchery, love, or glory; a prison, a dock-yard; joy, misery, injustice, cruelty, avarice; crimes, privations, tears."

A little later we read:

"While we are making these reflections, the ivory ball slackens its course and begins to hop like a noisy insect over the thirty-seven compartments that allure it. This is the irrevocable judgment."

"O strange infinity of our eyes, our ears and that brain of which we are so proud! O strange secrets of the most elementary laws of this world! From the second at which the ball was set in motion to the second at which it falls into the fateful hole, on the battlefield three yards long, in this childish and mocking form, the mystery of the Universe inflicts a symbolical, incessant, and dis-

heartening defeat upon human power and reason."

The conclusion of all which is that "man knows that he can know nothing." That is the usual conclusion of the gambler, but he arrives at it by processes very different from those of M. Maeterlinck.—*Academy*.



Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



A WEDDING

The wedding was solemnized in a floating chapel built for the occasion. This clever ruse was made necessary by the bride having only limited divorces which did not permit her to marry again anywhere except on the high sea, and also by the groom not daring to come within the jurisdiction of the courts of an adjacent State.

His effulgence, the extremely right reverend divine who conducted the ceremony, was never more felicitous. When he pronounced the benediction on the kneeling pair, the aristocratic congregation were deeply affected, and cheered loudly. The good man thanked them feelingly in behalf of himself and Jehovah.

During the ceremony the ushers passed highballs and cigarettes, a chic innovation especially welcomed by some of the younger women present who were not accustomed to sitting so long without drinking or smoking.

Another new feature was the cake-walk recession. When it was seen to what advantage this enabled the bride to display her exquisite lingerie, great surprise was expressed that nobody had thought of it before.—*Life*.



GAVE HIMSELF AWAY

A preacher in New York recently severely "scored" the morals of American women, and added: "I say nothing but what I can prove in court." He has no right to judge all American women by his own associates.—*San Francisco Star*.



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SLOWEST LAUNDRY

work possible is the only way to do such as we are doing. You have not had such work nor can you get it elsewhere. We prefer to do no fast work at all. We did over three quarters of a MILLION COLLARS and CUFFS our first year which closed April 1st.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,

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"Lest we forget," we use CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.

NOT IN A TRUST.

Country Homes in the Ozarks

I own and offer for sale more than 50 pieces of choice residence property in Sullivan at extremely low prices; beautiful building lots, each 50x140 feet, for \$95 cash, \$100 time; certificate of title with each lot; a substantial 2-story frame house, 6 rooms, 3 closets, 2 porches, lot 100x132½ feet, price \$1000; a nicely built 2-story frame cottage, 6 rooms, 2 halls, 3 closets, pantry and good cellar, lot 100x125 feet, prettily located on a high and commanding position, opposite the Gen. Harney mansion, for \$1200, and a handsome frame residence, containing 7 rooms, reception hall, observatory, conservatory, several closets, 2 porches, pantry and cellar; house cost \$1750 to build; lot 100x125 feet, for \$1500; reasonable terms will be given upon any of the above described property; Sullivan is a pretty and progressive town on the Frisco R. R., 68 miles, less than two hours' ride from St. Louis; altitude 1000 feet; an excellent place for summer homes for St. Louis people or for parties retired; living cheap; fuel plentiful; we are near the Meramec river with its picturesque scenery and noted caverns; good hunting and fishing afforded; a number of former residents of St. Louis have recently moved here, and are greatly pleased with their new home. Add. Joseph H. Bennett, Sullivan, Mo.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Miss Amelia Bingham's coming appearance at the Olympic Theater, where, next Sunday night, she will inaugurate a special spring season of two weeks, is of brilliant promise to St. Louis theatergoers. Her visit is especially noteworthy in view of the fact that she will present, for the first time here, Clyde Fitch's brilliant play of social life, "The Climbers." "The Climbers" is said to be true to both the spirit and surface facts of the social life around us, ingenious and novel in its employment of pictorial device and piquant in its use of wit and humor. The second week of the season will be devoted to the first presentation here of Mr. Clyde Fitch's latest comedy, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" and Haddon Chamber's powerfully realistic play, "A Modern Magdalen." As usual, Miss Bingham has surrounded herself with a company of distinguished players, all of whom were associated with the original production of these plays. Among them are Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abingdon, Ferdinand Gottschalk, James Carew, Ernest Lawford, Geo. Spink, Carl St. Aubyn, Bijou Fernandez, Madge Carr Cook, Frances Ring, Maud Turner Gordon, Helene Lackaye, Georgia Cross, Wesley Smith and Lillian Wright. The sale of seats and boxes will begin at the box office on Thursday morning.

The regular vaudeville season opens at Forest Park Highlands next Sunday with an all-star bill of some of the best known and most notable performers. The cast is headed by Henry Lee, the greatest of impersonators, introducing great men of the past and present, among them Bismarck, Pope Leo, Mark Twain, Dick Croker, Pierpont Morgan, Theodore Roosevelt, Grant, General Lee, and others. A superb act is that of the greatest living pantomimists, the Hanlons, George and his sons, Frederick, George, William and Alfred, in "Lord Lilywhite at the Waldorf Astoria," a unique sketch full of jolly laugh. Rapoli, the juggler; Scott Brothers, in an original acrobatic transformation act; Mehan's trained dogs, and Alice Raymond, the best of female cornetists, are other good cards. The Cave of the Winds, the Laughing Gallery, the Airship and other novel attractions at the Highlands, are already very popular with the multitudes that visit the place every afternoon and night.

Couturier's Band, at Delmar Garden, is rendering delightful the evening's entertainment of this pleasure resort. The programmes are arranged to conform to the ear of the virtuoso, and yet not too classically heavy to be enjoyed by those less thoroughly versed in harmonies. The encores are numerous and are always responded to most graciously. The patrons of the garden appreciate, too, the improved catering facilities, which are now fully adequate to accommodate even the immense crowds who nightly assemble to indulge in the gaiety of the modern Eden's many pastimes. If you have not heard Couturier's Band, avail yourself of the opportunity at once. To resort to vulgar vernacular, you'll "get your money's worth."

The Guy Lindsley School of Dramatic Art will give its next public performance at the Olympic Theater early in June. Mr. Lindsley will provide a programme of unusual novelty.

Pretty costumes, worn by charming girls, bewildering lingerie, vivacious action and tuneful ditties, all these attributes contribute towards making "Miss New York, Jr.," at the Standard Theater, this week, one of the most highly entertaining performances presented at the Butler playhouse this season. Billy Pearl and Herman Marion, splendid acrobats and all-round good actors, are easily the head-liners. However, "there are others on the bill," and the "others," who elicit unstinted applause, are Mosher, Houghton and Moser, who "do" a bicycle turn that is

quite above the average; Lawrence Crance, a restidigator of no mean skill, and the clever little songstress, Minnie Granville. Next attraction, "The High Flyers."

HEROES IN WOMEN'S NOVELS

Women have been accused of writing with one eye on the paper and the other on some individual. But if this be true, that individual is seldom flesh and blood reality, and still seldomer some Frankenstein of experimental horror. It is rather a lovely evocation of the fancy, a being enskyed and sainted. For it is a psychological truth that while personal preference and experience widely differ, yet there is among women's heroes a curious typical likeness. So that whether women be married or single, bond or free; whether their experience of life be large or limited; whether they be of great talents or none; whether they aim to depict men as they are or men as they would like men to be—this same general resemblance among women's heroes holds good.

The plentiful lack of wit and humor in the heroes of our present women writers is a marked characteristic—to be conveniently Irish—of these sober-minded gentlemen. Is it because, as a rule, women are essentially non-humorous? Or, seeing that wit and humor are the eyes of wisdom, and that to be witty of love is well-nigh impossible, do women, by an unerring instinct, refrain from giving to their heroes what would add to their charm as men, but would detract from their powers as lovers?

This brings us to another trait common to these worthies. Who knows not that man's best loving falls far short of woman's dream of love? Yet there are no women writers, from least to greatest, whose heroes in respect to love and constancy are not unconquerable. So, whatever else women's heroes may have, or may lack, they are all determined lovers. They are all of an adamant constancy which will outlast the fellest combinations of circumstance, the longest flight of years, the worst of small-pox.

How constitutionally superior this is to nature and to every-day reality we all know, yet we all insist on having it so set down. Women are born idealists and theorists, and with this regard, and in respect to love and loving, women's heroes have something pathetic. Women's heroes rarely convince. And for the simple reason that women, laying all stress upon one quality only, make their heroes typical lovers rather than complex, actual men.—Atlantic.

"Congratulate me, old chap; I'm the happiest man on earth to-day."
"Engaged, married or divorced?"—Life.

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We have an Unequaled Choice combined with Extra Quality and Lowness of Price.

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You can buy one for less money than our Porcelain Lined and commit the Greatest Extravagance, Because of the Ice Bill, the System of Circulation, Plus the cold-retaining walls, Tells the story of Ice Economy.

Let us demonstrate this to you. 50 different patterns.

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From May 2nd to June 27th

FIRST RACE AT 2:30 P. M.

Admission to Grounds and Grand Stand \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS FAIR ASSOCIATION,
Grand ave. and Natural Bridge Road.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A. J. CRAWFORD.
TENTH AND PINE STS. ST. LOUIS, MO.

HORRORS OF JOURNALISM

"What is the difference," said the information editor, "between a dissatisfied third baseman and—"

"And the owner of a collection of curiosities," broke in the exchange editor. "One plays for his discharge and the other charges for his display. That's easy. What is the difference between the captain of a leaky ship—"

"And a lawyer cross-examining a witness? Shucks! That's like falling off a log. One mans the pumps and the other pumps the man. Why is an impecunious actor—"

"Boneless ham. Why is—"

(To be continued.)

—Chicago Tribune.

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Five Minutes' Walk from World's Fair Grounds.

MLLE. THEO.

Latest European Sensation. Greatest Horse and Dog Trainer in the World.

JESS DANDY,

King of Hebrew Parodists.

O'ROURKE AND BURNETTE,

Assisted by Master O'Rourke, Singers and Dancers.

50—LIBERATI'S BAND—50

Admission to Grounds Free. Admission to Pavilion, 25c and 10c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

NEXT SUNDAY,

Last appearances of
The Little Princess
with Millie James.
Special Matinee Friday,
also Saturday.

AMELIA BINGHAM
In a new play by Clyde Fitch, entitled
The Climbers.
Seats on Sale Thursday.

BEAUTIFUL Delma R

TWO CONCERTS DAILY,

COUTURIER'S BAND

50 MUSICIANS 50

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

AN UP-TO-DATE RESTAURANT

TAKE ANY CAR.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

Miss New York, Jr.

NEXT WEEK,

HIGH FLYERS.

THE STOCK MARKET

Various factors contributed towards depressing values in the Wall street market the past week. Among them were: Reports of further cuts in prices for iron and steel at Pittsburg; a few engagements of gold for shipment to Europe; rampageous strike troubles all over the country, and expectations of a material reduction in the surplus reserves of the Associated Banks. The disquieting reports from the iron trade were promptly denied by United States Steel officials, but, at this writing, they still exert their influence. Among the speculative fraternity there is a strong impression that the future of the iron business is no longer as bright as it was up to a few months ago.

The gold withdrawals were comparatively unimportant, but they served once more to emphasize the weakness of our international position in trade and finance. Sterling exchange is still pressing the gold-export point, and it is quite probable that further engagements will be announced within the next few days. It is hard to see how they could possibly be avoided, in view of our heavy obligations to Europe and the large expansion in imports and the equally large falling off in the outgo of wheat and cotton. The April statement of our foreign trade contained figures which proved distinctly disappointing, inasmuch as they showed that the exports of manufactured and miscellaneous goods have become stationary at a level which is about \$10,000,000 below that of two years ago. April cotton shipments fell off \$6,000,000, and wheat and flour shipments \$5,000,000, compared with the corresponding month in 1901. The total export balance is \$11,500,000 smaller than that of April, 1902, and \$22,200,000 smaller than that of April, 1901. There is lots of food for some strenuous thinking in these figures. That they are properly appreciated and understood has become apparent by the statements of some of Wall street's prominent "financiers."

The strike situation has somewhat improved, but is still threatening and making for conservatism and hesitancy. Wall street does not like the looks of things. It scents danger in these labor troubles. It well remembers what far-reaching, disastrous effects previous great strikes had on business and security values. The various lock-outs in the builders' trade may have had something to do with the late weakness in iron and steel prices. Some large contractors and manufacturers still remember the grievous experiences which they made two years ago, at the time of the protracted strike in Chicago. There is a probability that labor troubles will, before long, cut a still wider swath in Wall street affairs and calculations.

The statement published by the Bank

of England last Thursday was quite an interesting one. It disclosed an increase in loans of almost \$100,000,000, and a consequent drop in the reserve rate from 52% to 37%, all due, of course, to the requirements of the \$175,000,000 Transvaal loan. It seems that the full weight of the transaction was thrown on the Bank of England. This being the case, it stands to reason that this week's exhibit should show the greater part of the loss in reserves well-nigh recovered.

The weakness in United States Steel issues comes in for a good deal of comment. The common made a low record, in the past week, of about 33, and the preferred came out in fairly large chunks at about 83½ and 83¾. The 5 per cent bonds were, at the same time, equally lacking in support and recuperative power. The bond conversion underwriting syndicate may have to do a good deal of worrying before it will be able to figure out a profit on its undertaking. A sharp advance in the quotations for the bonds is the only thing that will save it from loss, but how can that be brought about, when the preferred shares are constantly looking for another bottom?

The 'Frisco-Rock Island deal has been effected at last, and everybody who took a hand in it expresses satisfaction and optimistic anticipations. In the meanwhile, however, the Rock Island shares have depreciated quite sharply, and it seems very much as if another drop could confidently be looked for. The common belief is that what advance there may be from the present low level will not be maintained. The interested and expectant bulls (who, it may be proper to add, are not very numerous) predict that 'Frisco common will soon be placed on a 4 per cent dividend-basis and that this coming event will, in the course of a short time, be reflected by a substantial rise in the prices of Rock Island common, preferred and bonds. Leading Rock Island officials appear to be rather enthusiastic over the completion of the deal and the prospects to be based upon it. Says one of them: "We estimate that the equity of the 'Frisco purchase to the Rock Island treasury will be \$2,000,000 in 'Frisco earnings above the charges which the Rock Island assumes under the exchange, and that the exchange of traffic will be worth another \$2,000,000 to the common treasury. In other words, the Rock Island gains at least \$4,000,000 a year by the deal..." One would feel inclined to attach more weight to these exhortative utterances, if conditions were radically different in other and more determinative directions.

The persistent weakness in what are known as "investment" shares in the railroad group is attracting earnest and solicitous attention. It is looked upon as a disturbing feature, and as reflecting a timorous state of feeling and forced liquidation by people who sustained severe losses in highly speculative issues. The constant heavy selling in St. Paul common, Northwestern common, Pennsylvania, New York Central, General Electric, Delaware & Hudson, and some others, indicates the existence of things which the average wild-eyed bull is not anxious to talk about, but which will, sooner or later, manifest themselves most clearly and decisively.

While prices have had a good decline, it must still be regarded as unwise and inexpedient to buy stock, except for quick turns. This is not a time for inaugurating bull movements. There are too many conflicting factors in the situation to warrant careful people in plunging and in risking their money in dubious propositions. For the man who does not hang over the stock-ticker all day, there are, at present, strong temptations to buy for a rise of several points, and he may, perhaps, be justified in giving way to them, but for him who is not constantly in close touch with the wires, the best and safest and most profitable thing to do is to stay out and to wait a little while longer.

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what it should be. It is somewhat weak and still more uncertain. Purchases are not made in confidence, it seems. The fellow who buys to-day is an eager seller to-morrow. This shows that it is the speculator and not the investor who is making quotations. The man who is looking for bargains is still conspicuous by his absence. For reasons satisfactory to himself, he stoutly believes that the



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level of prices is still much too high and that another slashing cannot be prevented.

Missouri Trust furnished considerable excitement in the last few days. It rose from 128½ to about 133, and then dropped back again, with remarkable facility, to 129½, at which it is purchasable at this writing. The accession of Mr. Lon V. Stephens to the ranks of directors seemed to be the most powerful bull argument available in this instance.

Bank of Commerce has again relapsed. It is now selling at 370. Colonial is quoted at the old price of 198, and Commonwealth may be bought at about 296. Germania Trust is steady at 246. For American Exchange 336 is bid, for Merchants-Laclede 306, for Lincoln Trust 255, for Mercantile 333, for Title Guaranty 87½.

St. Louis Transit is being sold in large blocks at around 26¼. United Railways preferred is weak at 78, and seems to be destined to go still lower. The 4 per cent bonds are also lower, and quoted at 84½. St. Louis & Suburban has suddenly sprung into renewed activity. It is quoted at 65½ bid, 67 asked.

Missouri-Edison common is quoted at 24¼ bid, the preferred at 49¼ bid, and the bonds at 97 bid, 97½ asked. Laclede Gas 5s are steady at 106½.

Clearances, for the past week, showed a slight gain. Interest rates remain steady at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is strong at \$4.88½. Drafts on New York are now selling at a smaller premium.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

A. A. J., Lebanon, Mo.—Don't know anything special about stock named. There hasn't been a sale of it for a long time. It looks like a risky gamble.

J. H.—Germania Trust is paying quarterly dividends at the rate of 1½ per cent. This rate was paid in March last.

S. D., Decatur, Ill.—You will probably have to take your medicine in Paper Bag. Consider the common of hardly any value whatever. Would not be surprised to see company reorganized on a drastic basis.

H. H. O., Charleston, Ill.—Would hold for the present. You will, no doubt, be given a chance yet to sell at a much better price.

W. K. McD.—Can't advise purchases of Western Union. Consider Union Pacific preferred fairly safe investment. Would advise you to defer buying, however.

L. H. T.—Let go and be done with it. The stock is hopelessly down. Insiders have been "unloading" industriously all along. Trust Company stock mentioned altogether too high.

W. T. U., Kansas City, Kan.—Would recommend holding Missouri Pacific 1st collateral 5s. The bonds are safe, and too low, compared with others of their class.

J. A.—Would not advise buying anything at present. While the common pays 4 per cent, it cannot be regarded as a safe investment. The company is doing well at present, but may have difficulty to pay its preferred dividends two years from now. Its business is very uncertain, and its capitalization much inflated. The other stock mentioned looks cheap. The company is prosperous. But in this instance also would recommend waiting.

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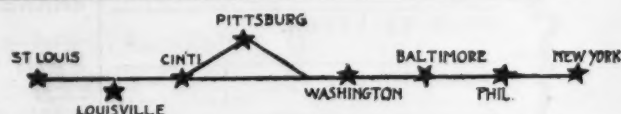
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nothing to build the fire with. Of course they were angry and left. I do not blame them.

I spoke of the matter to my husband to-night. He said he did not care, that he had felt first-rate all day.

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I am quite calm as I write. I marvel at my own patience.—Life.

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La Rochefoucauld, in all his witty and wise maxims, showed perhaps the deepest insight into imperfect human nature in the acute observation that "In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing." So cynical is the thought, however, that the author himself suppressed the maxim in the third edition of his book. The most odious of the passions, envy, is at the bottom of the jealousy which we commonly display when others whom we think not so worthy of the favors of fortune possess that which we have failed to secure, and moves us to speak slightly of them or even to feel momentarily at least something too far removed from genuine sorrow when the plans or the hopes of those with whom we are acquainted have been frustrated. It is egoism, selfishness, which causes us to be impatient and dissatisfied at seeing anyone else seize that to which "we think we have the only fair title," and hence the "jealous leer malign," which is the way those who are much given to littleness and vanity have of easing their own chagrin and disappointment. The detractor or the malignant backbiter, as an old writer said, is usually "some weak parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting to their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own pooriness."

If it were considered how great is the injury done by evil speaking, malicious tattling and gossip, all in the world except the hopelessly malignant would exercise the greatest care over their speech which relates to the good names of others. The light and idle word has often embittered lives, wrecked homes, excited the angriest passions and is constantly the cause of the greatest heart-burning, trouble and distress of mind, often to those who are innocent of wrong doing and, therefore, sensible of the greatest injustice. Robert South said:

"Would not a man think ill deeds and shrewd turns should reach further and strike deeper than ill words? And yet many instances might be given in which men have much more easily pardoned ill things done than ill things said against them. Such a peculiar rancor and venom do they leave behind them in men's minds, and so much more poisonously and incurably does the serpent bite with his tongue than with his teeth."

If the origin of the greatest troubles, the most disagreeable episodes, the most deep-seated and long-continued animosities in every town, village or community were traced, it would be found in perhaps the majority of cases that light words, idle gossip, harsh wit, satirical speeches were the causes of more unhappiness and more hatred than all other causes put together. "Few men," observes Dean Swift, "are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable." Gossiping and the habit of detraction come largely from the desire to talk when the mind is empty, and the persons and the things with which shallow persons are the best acquainted are neighbors and their doings. On these subjects anyone can be fluent. Ordinary fluency, continues Swift, is in many men and in many women "owing to a scarcity of matter." The retailers of gossip have only one set of ideas and one set of words, and these "are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door."

From the fact that there is a great deal of ill-natured gossip in the world, and that a great many intelligent persons who are not really evil natured habitually speak ill of others in a half humorous way, no generous and high minded youth should ever let himself fall into the habit of saying unmanly things of others, and he should especially heed the fine saying of Sir Walter Raleigh: "Defame not any woman." Let him "light up with a thousand noble disdains" at the thought

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